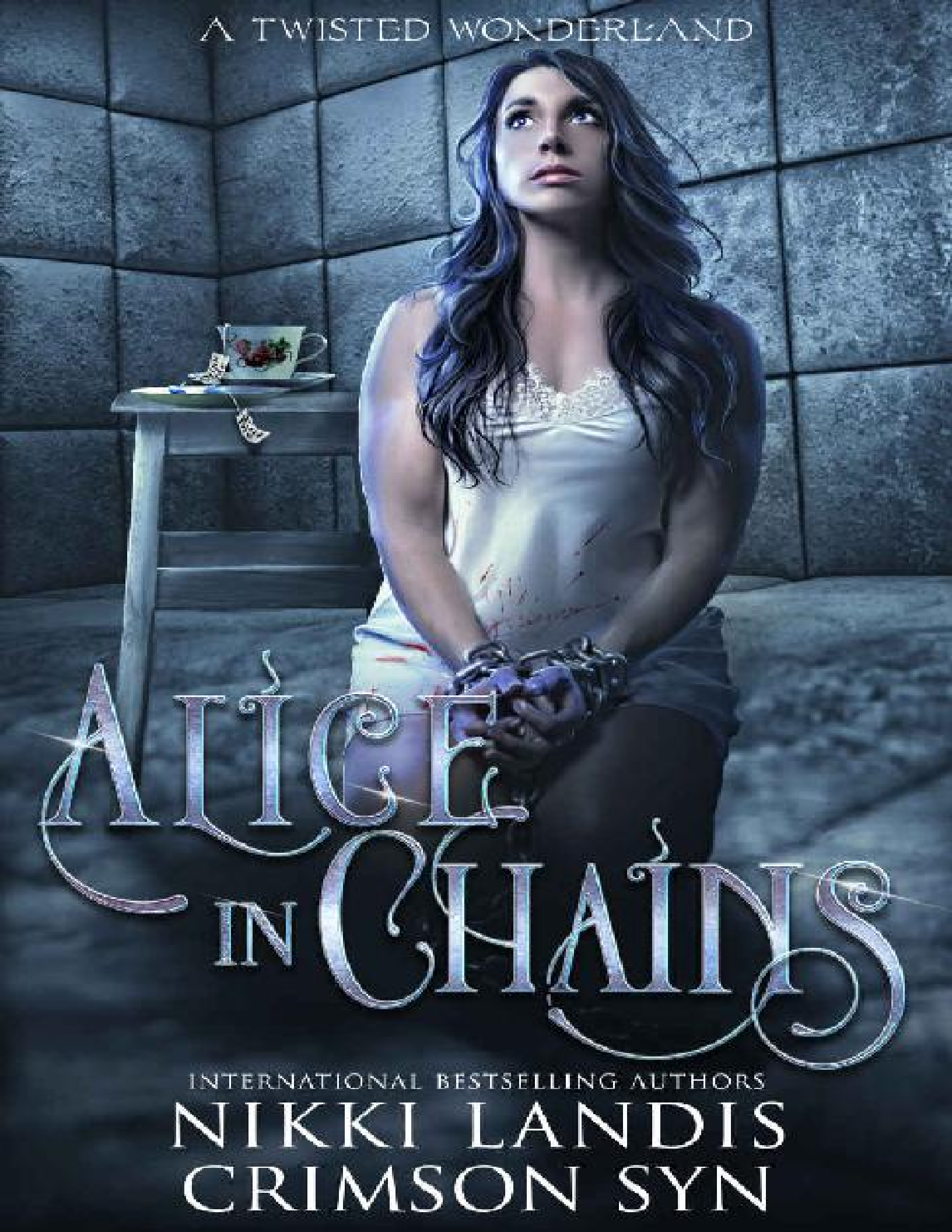
A TWISTED WONDERLAND
ALICE IN CHAINS
INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHORS
NIKKI LANDIS
CRIMSON SYN

ALICE IN CHAINS

A Twisted Wonderland

CRIMSON SYN

NIKKI LANDIS

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AUTHORS' QUOTE

"Who in the world am I?" said Alice, "Ah, that's the great puzzle."
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHORS:

Dear Readers

Nikki and I would like to welcome you into the depths of this Twisted Wonderland. We are so excited you can join us on this new project. This is the first book on our wicked take of Alice In Wonderland.

Tread carefully while entering our Wonderland, for it is not safe. This is not a place of fairies and fair maidens. No. Our Princess is dark and broken.

Be careful as you start your journey, for you'll come across death and depravation, a devious Cat who will hinder your path, and a Red Queen who may have you rethinking this endeavor.

Heroes? They lie in the shadows among the broken hearted. There may be one who exists, who will drive you into madness. But he's no ordinary hero. He's one with secrets of his own, yearning for the secrets he wants you to divulge.

Yet in the darkness there is always a light that will guide you. If you find it, please let us know, for we're still lost in the dark.

A fair warning, we are giving you. This story is not to be taken lightly. There are triggers that await you, and an all-consuming darkness that may not want to let you go. Be wary where you tread, as the walls of Wonderland aren't what they seem, and White Knights suffer dark curses while Good Doctors indulge in bad deeds. For when those walls crumble, there is a corruption that is ready to ensnare the most innocent of souls.

Sinful Reading

Nikki Landis & Crimson Syn

FOREWORD

It’s time to go now, Alice.
Time to dive back into that rabbit hole.
Hurry and finish your tea, Alice.
Then return to where dark things go.

The good doctor thinks he knows it all,
He listens with bated breath.
Pretending his questions are innocent,
Hoping he’s getting you wet.

Don’t cry, Alice.
You chained and broken girl.
You’re not as pure as you were before.
You belong in a twisted world.

You belong in a mad, mad world.
With queens, beasts, and Doms.
In a place where submission is sacred.
Close your eyes, think of the calm.

Remember the blood and pain.
So sweet are the torturous wails.
Succumb to symphonic sighs.
Make him believe your tales.

It’s time to go now, Alice.
You’ve already waited too long.
The ethereal realm you miss so much
Calls you back with its sensual song.

Take the good doctor with you, dear.
Show him where shattered things go.
He’s mad as a loon, but he’ll see soon.
Show him Wonderland. Show him home.

- *Chris Genovese, Romance Author*

GAELIC PHRASES

Leannán - lover
Gráinn - darling
Lómhar - precious
Mo stór - my treasure
A mhuirnín - my darling, my beloved

PROLOGUE

We tiptoe softly through the night
Afraid of monsters and their smite.
And as we lie there, full of hate
The monsters come and castigate.

THE PITTER-PATTER of heavy raindrops falls in a consistent downpour, splattering on my feet, washing away any residue of blood that drips from the knife I still wield in my left hand. Looking down, I let it slip from my fingertips with a detached sense of relief. The metal clatters to the ground as I back away, falling to my hands and knees, my stomach churning, my body numb.

The wind howls, a chilling reminder that I'm not alone in this dark alley. That it is the sole witness to the sins I have committed. The atrocities that have happened here tonight are a confirmation of the horrors I endured, giving legitimacy to my suffering and pain. The knowledge circles and sweeps around in a deliberate caress from the chilly breeze. A reassurance that it won't speak a word.

I stare down into a dark puddle of water, the reflection of my face blurred by the ripples the wind conjures, but it's my eyes that are startling. The deep blue has disappeared, and a darkness has replaced their depths.

I close my eyes, breathing deeply, while trying to drown out the voices in my head. *His* eyes came to mind. Those haunting golden eyes that raked

over me, and yet I have no recollection of who they belonged to. Only vague memories and fleeting snippets of horrifying moments that now begin to fade.

My hands shake, drops of crimson soak into the white silk of my negligee, and I focus on each individual drop rather than the body lying a few feet away. He's facedown on the concrete, an insignificant dark shadow. His once powerful control over me now meaningless.

I don't feel any sense of loss or regret. Only relief that he no longer lives to inflict his sadistic torment. Trembling, I try to rise to my feet but I'm still unsteady. Faltering, my gaze lands on the lifeless body and I know I can't run far enough from the events that have transpired.

I will never be the same, but I'm aware of this fate already.

The day he entered my life was the moment I was destined to become the broken person who now trembles in the rain, lost and confused, battered and struck down.

I tried to warn him. I told him to stop. My life had been pitched into the deepest of corruptions and I needed out. I hadn't wanted this to happen, but he forced me to act. It was either him or me, and in this case, I *finally* chose me. It had always been about my tormentor, his needs and vile desires, but not this time.

I stare back at the dark, shadowy, unmoving form.

This is your fault. I hope you know that.

My head spins as dark and tormented thoughts of blood and murder are being whispered into my ear.

Run.

Hide.

Move, goddammit.

Slowly, I try once again to get up, but the world I know begins to spin. Those golden eyes never broke their steady gaze in the past, but this time their light fades. Maybe it's the loss of power and the stronghold broken. In their depths there was accusation, and my own soulless afflictions reflected inside of them. He will never offer a reply, rebuke, or punishment. My triumph collides with my fear and apprehension.

I am not safe.

Lying on that cold, damp asphalt, I scream, knowing no one will hear me. No one cares, no one claims me now. I scream until my voice breaks and my breath is yanked from the depths of my throat, ripping from deep

down in the pit of my blackened soul. I need help, I need a savior, I need to *run*. My eyes flutter shut, and I fight with all my will to stay awake, but the drugs I've been regularly given have taken over and will soon claim the last of my tattered sanity.

I'd told him, *no*.

But he didn't listen.

This sickening knowledge was his parting gift to me. A final push to shatter my soul completely.

The stars in the night sky fade and slowly I feel my body going limp as I drift away. Macabre laughter escapes my lips, a foreign sound that isn't my own. Nothing but an eerie noise that bounces off the walls of the empty alleyway and echoes into the fated night. This is what he wanted from me. My complete submission into a world that only he'd known how to drag me into, and from where there is no hope of leaving. God is the only one who knows just how badly I wanted to escape.

He'd won this round, I suppose. He always did have the last word.

The raindrops slide across my face, washing away the remnants of the salty tears I'd spilt for so many years.

This is how it's going to end, my soul combining with his, and buried in the darkest depths of hell. I condemned myself to this afterlife. It is a prison of sorts. My eyes slowly flutter shut and I accept my fate. For the first time in my naive existence, I welcome the darkness I'd learned to be a part of so long ago.

Some prisons are partially of our own making.

CHAPTER 1

ALICE

Present Day…

"Tell me, Doctor, do you like to indulge in fantasies?"

I could make out the bulge in his pants, tenting the delicate fabric of his trousers as he watched me beneath that dark hooded gaze. The emerald hue seemed to deepen with each second that passed. I knew I had gotten to him. He shifted in his makeshift throne, all high and mighty, holding that title of his. Yet, he lifted his leg and propped and unpropped it on his knee several times in an attempt to hide his growing arousal.

There was a reason why the light wasn't blinking on that camera anymore. He didn't want an audience, at least not until the right moment. I sensed his need for control, but I wanted to push him slowly to the edge and tip him over. His perverse, twisted mind unknowingly wanted me to speak about the sexual urges that lingered beneath that muscular body. A tick in his jaw proved the struggle that raged within.

The doctor was a direct contradiction to the expensive suit, dark-rimmed glasses, and neatly combed hair of his appearance. The urge to ruffle his clothes and run my fingers through his slightly long hair until it was tousled, nearly overwhelmed me. The rugged sensual lines of his face contrasted with the sleek, no nonsense, clinical approach he tried so hard to convey.

Drawing out that delicious anticipation raised the heat level in my own body. I wanted to find out how far I could push him until he snapped.

Would he fling those glasses to the side or use them as a crutch to keep focused on every move my body made in his presence?

Trailing a finger along my throat, I purposely lowered the digit inch by inch as he followed with his hungry eyes.

"Alice," he warned, his voice lowering an octave.

Ah-ha. I knew it. Good doctor.

If he wanted my story, then I was going to give him an unforgettable one. One that thrived with those sinful descriptions he wanted so badly, begging for him to add his own tempting desires.

"You have no idea what goes on in Wonderland," I answered with a sensual smoothness that I hoped made him squirm in his seat. "It was so . . . *hard*."

He smirked with recognition of my ploy, but I could tell my words weren't lost on him. "Why don't you enlighten me, *Alice*."

My smile was dim, never quite reaching my eyes as the mention of my enunciated name conjured a moment of panic. Memories surfaced, and for a moment I was caught up in my own darkness.

"Wonderland isn't a place of enlightenment. Nor is it a place for the faint of heart."

He nodded, silently bidding me to continue, his pen poised in the air. He had that way about him, a stillness that both unnerved and intrigued me. I wanted to push that haughty demeanor of his and expose those demons he held so close inside. I wondered if I could bring them to the surface, play with them just as he liked to do with mine.

"My first introduction to Wonderland was meek at best. A slow initiation into the darkness that lingered behind closed doors. You see, Doctor, Wonderland is a playground for the wicked. Love doesn't exist in this underground world. No emotion or weakness, no compassion. Love is for fools in a purgatory that damns from the moment you enter. All that exists is a hunger so deep and vicious it can frighten the most malicious of souls."

"So why call it home?"

I knew he would ask that sooner or later.

Our eyes met and I looked into that enchanting green gaze, an expression of discernment that almost challenged me to continue. I'd have to bare more than I wanted, and expose those hidden secrets that were buried so deep, and entrenched in my dark soul.

“It’s the only home I know.”

He seemed to contemplate my response, the raw admission exactly as he concluded, while he tapped the pen against his thigh, never breaking our connection.

“You don’t seem malicious to me, Alice. You seem misguided. *Lost.*”

I smiled at him then, and nodded. “I need to find my way back.”

“I can help you with that,” he whispered as he leaned forward, the scent of his cologne wrapping around my body. Hints of apple and cedar swept through me with a sudden warmth, causing that familiar wetness to flood my core. My nipples hardened and I ached to touch them, to pull and tease, to see how long his composure lasted.

“Are you sure that’s what you want, Doctor? To help me get home.” Breathy, the words seemed to cover and caress him as he shifted in his chair once more.

“What I want is for you to realize that Wonderland is not the only place to consider.”

I smirked. What a textbook thing to say and yet, I was certain he was distracted as he licked his lips and pushed his glasses farther up his nose.

“At the moment, Doctor, it’s the only place that matters to me.”

That was not entirely true, I was quite interested in the man before me, but it didn’t change my end game.

He leaned back, his eyes narrowing as he processed my responses. If I wasn’t careful, he’d let on to my deceit. He was my way out of this place, and my ticket back into purgatory.

All that remained was convincing him of the truth.

“Have you ever sinned, Doctor?” Changing tactics, I kept my expression serious.

His laugh was hard, and it held that tinge of nervousness that was so easy to read. “I suppose everyone sins.”

I nodded, interested that he didn’t try to change the subject. “What about carnal sin, Doctor?”

His eyes met mine swiftly, and it was apparent he knew *exactly* what I was talking about.

“My first encounter at Wonderland came in the form of a predatory cat,” I continued, “A conniving, evil cat. One who enjoyed showing his claws when he didn’t get his way.” And he *always* got his way. I knew that better than anyone.

The doctor tilted his head to the side, listening intently as I spoke about this man as if he were an apparition of some sort. The doctor's body immediately stiffened and then slowly relaxed, remembering not to show his true feelings, but I didn't miss the fact that he somehow knew the vile man whom I was speaking about.

"I remember his grunts as he fucked me." The doctor's eyes widened slightly. "The way his long cock would stretch and mold me to him night after night. I hadn't wanted it at first, but he liked a good fight. He liked to force me to be his. I'd bet you'd like that too, wouldn't you, Doctor?"

I stared briefly at the bulge he kept trying to hide, noticing how his eyes were dark and focused with unfulfilled hunger. "Please, continue, Alice."

Smiling mischievously, I slightly parted my thighs in the chair. "Yes, Sir. Before long, my pussy begged him for it, wanting the feel of him inside of me. In the end, that's all I was to him, a body to control, to bend to his will, to manipulate as he reached his own pleasure. I bet that's something that intrigues you, Doctor. To find out how to control me just like The Cat did. To perch me on that cock of yours and make me your own personal fuckdoll."

"I don't wish to control you, Alice, let alone use you."

"But what if I told you I *wanted* to be used?" I watched as he shifted once again in his seat, his hands diving across his pants and tugging the material away from his pulsing arousal. "That I *needed* to be controlled."

"Your sexual preferences are not the topic of conversation here."

Oh, but they were about to become the conversation. "They're not? And here I thought you wanted to get to know me. In order to do that, Doctor, you'll have to endure my story as *hard* as that may seem to you."

His glasses slipped down the bridge of his nose and he slid them back up, clearing his throat. "I want to know what's so special about Wonderland."

"Well then, if that's what you wish to gain knowledge of, then you need to accept the fact that this is who I am, and that Wonderland is a part of me."

He looked down at his notes, but he didn't write a word down. He was contemplating his next question and I allowed it. The good doctor was torn between his own wants and needs and the clinical distance that he was supposed to have with a patient.

My ploy was working.

“Tell me more about this *Cat*. What was his name?” His eyes met mine, a challenge in their depth, and I smiled, refusing to be cornered by him once again.

Pausing, I was caught off guard by the question. I supposed it was a valid one, but the answer wasn’t cut and dry. Frowning, I tried to discern any recollection of The Cat’s real name, but all I could remember of him were traces of shadows, and the feel of his powerful presence. The thought was frustrating, and I ignored him, continuing on as if he hadn’t asked me a thing.

“He was my ideal in every way. All lean muscle and temptation packed into one hard body. Much like yours.” I let my eyes linger once more on the bulge in his pants as a thin line of sweat began to bead up along the doctor’s upper lip. I had this urge to lick it off and let the salty taste of him linger on my tongue.

He tapped his pen on the pad he held perched on his lap. A brow arched, and an underlying amusement put me on edge. “A *cat* was your ideal?”

Ignoring him once again, I continued. “See, when *his* hands are on me, I respond in ways no woman should. That’s the power he wields over me. That’s the type of power he’ll hold over *you*, Doctor.”

“Power is given, Alice. I have nothing he wants.”

Was he really so blind? “Wrong, Doctor.”

He tilted his head, that curiosity playing in his eyes again. “How so?”

“You have *me*.”

His body language shifted and this time I could tell he’d grown uncomfortable. “What if this is only in your head, Alice? What if this cat only exists in your imagination?”

“Someone like *him* is too real to deny. No one would be able to make up such a cruel, vile, and evil selfishness that dwells in that man.”

“A cruelty you seem to enjoy,” he observed, and I had to admit that he was partially right.

A wisp of a smile ghosted my lips as I remembered what truly lured me to that man in the beginning. In truth, I should blame Absolem for all of this. He introduced me to the unknown and brought me to the devil’s doorstep. Then again, maybe it was my fault for being curious and stepping through that threshold, but I had been so young, so naive.

I always wanted and craved more, a direct contradiction to the life I had led up to this point. Maybe that was why I sought to ruffle up the doctor,

why I wanted to tear down his carefully constructed walls and bring him to his knees. I had an urge to feel his hands on my body, but I needed to be careful with that. Being detached had become instinctive and necessary for my survival. Yet, for some reason, this doctor had a magnetic pull that was hard to resist. A pull that I needed to keep away from in order to protect myself.

“Have you ever felt like drowning in another... Doctor?”

He shook his head. “No, I can honestly say that I have not. Although, lately . . .”

His words sparked interest and I filed them away for another time.

“There’s something surreal in becoming lost in another soul. A loss of control that brings out the demons you like to play with so much.” I was turning the tables on him and quite curious to observe how he would react.

His brow furrowed, a clear sign I was getting beneath his skin.

“That bothered you, didn’t it? I got a glimpse into your plans, Doctor, and I can tell you they won’t work with me. Unlike your other patients who try to deny their quirks and problems and hide away, I embrace mine. My demons, they *love* to come out to play.”

“You enjoy mind games, Alice.” His voice was mildly irritated. “I don’t play the kind that you speak of.”

The doctor stood and took a step in my direction, his thick bulge protruding through his slacks. My eyes roamed along the outline of his dick, my body awakening with desire at his closeness and the scent of his masculine need. A mixture of his cologne and his personal fragrance wafted throughout my body as I trembled.

“That’s truly a shame, Doctor.” My gaze lifted slowly as he stared down at my relaxed form, his tall frame dwarfing my own. “Because I would *love* to play with you.”

He moved another step closer, and although I was chained to the chair, I leaned forward and pressed my cheek against his muscular thigh. The heat of my breath warmed the head of his cock. I smiled wickedly when the hitch in his breath proved to me that he was enjoying our close proximity.

“Unchain me, Doctor. Let me show you just how much I want to play with you.”

Looking down at me with that confident smirk of his, he spoke as if he lamented this whole situation. “Now if I did that, we’d both be lost.”

He was already lost the moment he made the decision to move closer. We both knew how this was going to end.

“Isn’t that the point?”

His lean fingers slid through the silky strands of my hair as I continued to rest my cheek against his thigh. “I’m not going to lie and tell you I’m not intrigued by the idea of your little game, but I also know that what you’re looking for, you won’t find it in me.”

I pulled back to stare up at his handsome face. His warm fingers traced my cheek softly and lingered on the curve of my jaw. “How would you know what I need?”

He smiled and leaned down, his lips only a breath away. “Because I know you, Alice Hardgrave, and you already told me . . . *you* want to go home.”

Shocked, I stared at his broad back as he turned and walked briskly away. Frustration overwhelmed me and the scream that had been lodged in my throat exploded in a mournful wail. Tugging desperately, I pulled at the chains that bound my wrists to this goddamn place. Pain streaked up my arms from the recent lacerations as I fought back tears.

He won’t break me.

This wasn’t the outcome I anticipated, but I had been confronted with worse. I needed a way out. I could swear he was the one to lead me home.

If that’s the case, then why the fuck do I feel so lost?

CHAPTER 2

ALICE

THESE FOUR PADDED walls were now my home. After months of attempting to escape, this was my ultimate fate, and the man seated across from me was the one who held the key. He stared back at me, those emerald eyes shining with untold secrets. Secrets he held buried deep and didn't have any intention of sharing. His hair was the color of rich, dark chocolate, and licked at his collar, curling slightly along his brow. And those lips, a tint of pink on that firm line, holding that incessant knowing smile of his that made me want to tear him apart. How could he smile so willingly in a place like this? Didn't he know?

Neither of us belonged here.

"Drink your tea, Alice."

I looked down at the porcelain cup set before me. A complete contrast to the gray unevenness of the walls that held us confined in this dank space. Roses decorated the white frame, twisted vines filled with sharp thorns lined the delicate ridge while the top edge was rimmed in precious gold. An image of blood dripping from the thorns flashed through my head, startling my thoughts and snatching me away from the present. The deepness of his voice brought me back.

"We left off on the wrong foot last time, didn't we?"

I shrugged. "I suppose we did."

He hummed in response while he nodded, jotting down his hidden thoughts into his prim little notebook. So neat, so proper like those dark glasses he always wore.

I wonder, are they a crutch?

Everything was so annoyingly perfect when it came to him. Even that damn tailored suit. I couldn't find a single wrinkle to mar the perfection. I wondered if this was a facade. If beneath his cool and calm exterior, there was a man with dark tendencies. Tendencies I yearned to thoroughly explore.

"Why don't we start?" He didn't wait for a response but pushed onward. "Tell me about your parents, Alice."

I met his direct gaze as he took a sip of his tea. Taking the cup in my hands, I followed suit. Savoring the bitterness and allowing the rich aroma of jasmine to lull me into a comfortable stupor, I sat back in the soft white armchair he'd brought in. I smiled, knowing my silence was frustrating.

Tell him, Alice.

Tell him what you know.

I'm sure he's just waiting to know about all the dark and dirty deeds that go on in that innocent head of yours.

Tell him what you did.

Absolem's voice echoed through the cluttered halls of my mind and my eyes fluttered shut, his face appearing before me. I didn't want to dwell on his features or remember the cruel inflection of his voice. I chose to answer the doctor with the truth. What harm could it be to admit that I wasn't the charity or abuse case he was inferring I would be?

"Much to your dismay, I come from a good home, Doctor. Loving parents who are strict but uphold their rigorous beliefs. My sister and I remain surprisingly close, and my home is, and always will be, sheltered and pure."

"Pure?" The word seemed to be a trigger for him and held his interest. "Does purity mean something to you, Alice?"

I arched a brow; certain he was toying with me a little. "Don't men enjoy virgins? Wouldn't you like to dirty up a pure virgin pussy?" Inhaling a sharp breath, he leaned back and watched me beneath those dark frames. "Isn't that what men want? The fantasy of taking and defiling what no one has ever touched before they did?"

"Not all men want the same things," he pointed out softly.

Narrowing my eyes, I searched the turbulent green hue in his, wondering if he was being honest with me or if I had just been so severely blinded that I couldn't see any other possibilities this world had to offer. I

suddenly felt the strong urge to know exactly what it was the Good Doctor was hinting at.

“And what do you want, Doctor? Why do you care so much about *purity*? Are you wishing I was still pure, so you can impose all those sinful deeds onto me? Does it upset you that I’ve already experienced all there is in a world of sin, and you had no part in it?”

“I think it’s interesting you think you’ve experienced it all.” His eyes remained locked on mine. “There are plenty of fantasies in this world, Alice. Surely you’re not opposed to the idea that you might have more to learn.”

“Are you offering to teach me?” My heart rate sped up with his words. “Are you speaking from experience?”

“Once again, this is not about me.”

“But you want it to be. I can see it in your eyes, Doctor. I can see those demons that want to dance with mine. Let them out and teach me. Let me have a taste of all those fantasies you keep hidden away. Unleash those desires and see where it leads us.”

Lamentably, he didn’t take the bait.

“Have you spoken to your parents since you left?”

I took a moment to study him, knowing exactly what he was trying to do. “No. Nor do I wish to speak further about them. They are no longer a part of my life. They haven’t been for a very long time.”

He seemed saddened by my response. “What about your sister?”

“My sister has nothing to do with this! So keep her out of your goddamn notepad!”

He smirked. “So she’s a trigger?” I watched as his pen jotted down those notes and I could feel the heat start to build inside as I fought the urge to lash out.

“I said to keep her out of this.” She was the last untouched and pure thing in my life. I needed her to remain that way. Purity? It meant a lot more than I could ever reveal.

“Her name, Alice. What is her name?”

I glared at him as an overwhelming desire to cause pain rattled throughout my body. My head wrapped around a dark act, one that involved the Doctor lying unmoving on the ground. The thought was both shocking and unnerving and I shook the impulse away, staring at my chained wrists for a long silent moment.

“Will I always be confined to this chair?”

“That’s up to you, Alice.”

I looked at him then and wondered what it was about the doctor that made me want to trust him. “Will you help me go back?”

“Why do you want to get back so badly?”

“Because I want to know what happened to me. I *need* to know so that I can move on.”

“In order to do that, we need to go back to the beginning, Alice. Are you willing to do that?”

I shook my head. “Why?”

“Because it’s the only way for me to help you. I need you to retrace those misguided steps and lead me into your world.”

“But how do I know you’ll lead me where I need to go?”

“Do you trust me, Alice?”

“I don’t know,” I whispered, confusion lingering in my head. I needed to find the missing pieces that were disjointed in my head. How did I become trapped in this rundown facility, with its chipped painted walls, and deteriorating corridors? What happened to block my memories? I needed to get my life back. I *needed* to know the truth.

“Why don’t you drink your tea?” He lifted his own cup and took a sip as those mesmerizing eyes of his watched me intently.

For some reason, I did what he asked, letting the soothing aroma envelop my senses. My body lightened, the hostility of moments ago vanishing as my fingertips began to tingle.

“Let’s start by showing me what you call home. Show me Wonderland, Alice.”

His voice sounded distorted, deep, and although I knew what was happening, I still let his voice guide me back to the beginning. “Show me the world you so badly want to return to. Tell me how you came to be there.”

In my stupor, mixed with the lull of his voice, I began to fall.

He willed me so expertly into that deep sleep that I followed through with his commands.

And down to Wonderland I go
To lose my mind and find my soul.

"COME PLAY, ALICE."

The soft masculine voice lures me forward as my body unconsciously moves to a sensual rhythm. There's a pulse to the air that crackles with an underlying current of ecstasy. It's wrapped up in delicious jolts of static electricity that zips and zings down my spine. Colors swirl in a rainbow of delight as I tilt my head and pause, breathing in the fragrance of jasmine, exotic spices, and a hint of new leather. Glints of emerald float beneath my heavy eyelids and my body drops, until I'm falling. Falling back into a world that I once wanted so desperately to leave, it seems to have a hold on me, and I can't escape.

"Come to me, Alice."

I spin with a slight giggle and continue the slow, languid movements of my hips as they glide across the plush carpet that sinks in between my bare toes. I'm fully aware that the choices I make this night will forever dictate my future. I can't help my curiosity or the raw need that thrums inside my lower belly and settles hypnotically down into my core.

Alice . . .

The voice commands and I follow.

All inhibition flees along with the knowledge of right and wrong. There's nothing to fear here. No hesitation. Only the pursuit of undisguised pleasure.

My fingers move along my body to the beat of the music and lift over my head as I dance and swing to the lyrical and seductive notes. Every minute touch heightens my arousal, every soft whisper of my fingertips seems to send a tiny pulse of energy down between my legs. My skin burns with the need to feel each carefully placed caress. My fingertips brush upward and over my pert nipples as the buds tighten and the air clings to the light moisture on my skin.

It's hot, desperately warm and humid.

I lift the short dress over my head and moan with the slight whisper of wind that crosses over my heated body. The need to feel, to be exposed, to

entice those around me, incites both naughty and addictive emotions.

The strobe light flashes above the perfectly displayed bodies and each frame of movement is exposed as I move my hips to the sultry music.

He's waiting.

I know.

I can feel his impatience.

His voice echoes in my head and my eyes stray left and right. The voice is powerful, willing me to come and follow his lead. Slowly, I make my way towards a back doorway, a place I shouldn't have entered in the first place. In the recesses of my mind, I know this. It's forbidden. The yearning for what I can't have spurs me onward. A dark hallway leads me to a back room where a red light penetrates from beneath a far-off door. Each cautious step brings me closer to the sounds emanating from within the room. Making my decision, I enter, wanting to explore the sinfulness that awaits.

My eyes slowly adjust as I take in the bedroom before me. An immense balcony is set along the back, as the wind blows the sheer curtains open. I get glimpses of what looks like a maze of thorn bushes. The sharp edges twist and turn, forming an unknown path into nothingness. The room itself is encompassed in dark crimson, and satin roses are embossed into a thick pattern that winds itself along the walls. The roses move delicately, flowing with the slight billowing wind coming from beyond the balcony. Red petals fall one by one, floating in midair as they flutter around me. I reach out as one drifts lightly into the palm of my hand. So soft and fragile, perfectly formed, yet it will eventually dry and wrinkle away, just like we do.

Faces swirl before my eyes and I see the wide smiles and joyful laughter of those who seek the same undisguised pleasure. Excitement dances across the smooth surface of my skin and each fine hair stands up as a delicious anticipation joins the air of expectancy.

I'm curious when I see crimson paint stain the fingers of two men and they begin to paint the roses on the wall, tracing each delicate thorn, then turn and swirl the same roses on the dark hued woods and exotic furniture that's placed strategically around the room.

One man raises his fingers to his lips and begins to suck the red droplets as his lecherous gaze feasts on my nearly naked body.

The other man approaches a woman who's kneeling on the floor. Her head is bent forward in submission while her palms are open on her lap as

she awaits his instructions. He tugs her upward by the hair but not entirely to her feet. A scarlet mist swirls from his hands and the paint drips onto her exposed flesh. The droplets fall onto her perfectly rounded breasts and she sucks in a ragged breath.

The man growls low and tugs her forward as she fumbles with the belt around his waist. The buckle is soon released, and he shoves the pants down with his underwear. His impatience is clear as his erection springs free and she gasps at his turgid length, grasping his cock with both of her eager hands.

He's already moving his hips in a rhythm that she quickly mimics. Her pink tongue glistens in the light and her saliva mixes with the scarlet mist as she takes the entire length into her wet mouth. The man nearly stumbles but grabs her hair and roughly begins to fuck between her lips.

She's gagging as more saliva drips down her chin. Somehow the clear fluid makes a winding pattern down her neck and then into the crimson paint that stains her breasts. He loves this and thrusts his hips harder as she makes choking noises in her undisguised pleasure.

Tears drip down her flushed cheeks and begins to ruin the perfectly applied makeup that wasn't smeared before this moment. Double fisting his cock is her only focus. She's moving faster and he swears as he pulls out. She gasps sharply, her breaths quick and shallow. The man doesn't want to come yet. I can see the look of sexual need in his eyes. The desire to punish her for forcing him to reach his climax faster than he intended is apparent.

There's a large, red leather padded cross, tilted to form the shape of an X. Large silver studs outline the frame and it's leather straps dangle from the edges as it stands polished and unused, beckoning the couple forward. He lifts the girl into his arms and strides forward with purpose as he pushes her up against the instrument of his pleasure.

She's strapped to the cross without delay. Her legs are knocked wide apart by his knees as her hands are held at the same position. Her nakedness and vulnerability heighten the sexual tension in the room.

She looks so exposed.

The man stands before her, broad shouldered, tapered waistline, one hand fisted to his side while the other strokes his massive cock as he watches her writhe against the restraints.

He likes to toy with her, arouse her, play and torture her until she screams for him to take her.

It’s rough. Raw. Brutal. *Exciting.*

Stroking his rigid length, he approaches and slams his cock deep in one long abrupt thrust. He pounds inside her pussy, the slap of flesh echoes in the silent room.

Her throat is squeezed, her eyes wide open in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

He likes to torment her, drive her to the edge where the lines between pain and pleasure blur. It’s all about control.

I watch as he thrusts inside her with carnal lust, slamming into her so hard she’s being banged against the wood, but he doesn’t relent.

This isn’t about her pleasure.

It’s punishment. The cost. *The reward.*

She moans and makes noises like she would scream if she wants but she can’t.

He won’t let her as his hand covers her mouth. His cock keeps pounding and drives her body to the breaking point.

She can’t take much more.

But she will. She has to please him.

There’s only pleasure to be had, and it never ends.

My fingers slide into the silk of my panties as my own need rises at the brutal display.

The scent of sex is heavy in the air. A tinge of copper mixes with it and I can almost taste it on my tongue, that metallic mixture of blood and lust, need and agony.

I’m already wet but this is to be expected.

I don’t scream when I am pulled back against a hard-muscled chest and chiseled body. I knew he was coming. He’s always here.

His cologne wraps around me in that familiar and stifling way.

My hand is yanked away with impatience as his fingers dip into my heat and his thumb vigorously begins to rub over my clit.

A moan escapes my lips as the man fucking in front of me pauses and our eyes lock.

He nods his head in approval and unstraps the girl, shoving her down on her stomach against an empty table.

He forces her legs apart as she half-heartedly fights him, and thrusts inside her again. I can’t tell if it’s her ass he’s possessing this time or not.

Soft whimpers leave her throat and I know the pleasure is coursing through her. Her eyes are glassy. She seems to lose focus of what's in the room as he assaults her body with fierce and brutal lust.

A glint of red catches my eye on the corner of the table as it shimmers enticingly. The red swirls glitter and shine as they twist upward and into the air. If I was close enough, I would reach out and touch the red, hazy mist. I'm drawn to the color with an unexplainable sense of intrigue. My eyes lower to the table and to the emblem engraved on a card that sits on the corner and glows brightly, almost highlighted in all that glorious crimson.

And then his voice is at my ear.

That same familiar note that whispered before and will again.

"This is the Queen's room, Alice. Whoever dwells here belongs to her for the time being. From the wetness of this tight little pussy, it seems you enjoy it."

My hips rock as my lust is driven higher by the scene in front of me.

The only sounds in the room seem to echo.

Slapping skin. Wet noises. Moans. Groans.

I'm being fingered as I'm held still, and I want to spin around. The urge to meet the face of the man who's chosen to bring me to orgasm is fierce and nearly all-consuming.

He must know. I'm not able to move except for the consistent thrusting of my hips as his fingers plunge in and out of my sex.

The trickle of blood appears again, and I focus on it as it slides down the woman's thighs. I blink it away as my mysterious lover tugs my head back. A silky, red mushroom appears in front of my face, it's color dazzling. The sweet taste finds its way into my mouth and a kiss seals it, melting the sweet elixir on my tongue.

"Would you like to be a part of this world, Alice? A world where nothing else matters but your carnal pleasures. A world where you can escape the ardures of life and find everything you seek within these walls."

"What is this place?" I ask in a haze of lust as a kaleidoscope of colors appear before my eyes, swirling and swarming until the hues coat every available surface. Sweet scents combine with an inviting heat and coat my world with rose-colored glasses.

How much is truth?

How much is my own naughty, unfulfilled dreams surfacing?

"Wonderland."

His voice is a deep rumble as his fingers curl up inside of me, rubbing against the sweetest of spots. My hands lift to tweak my nipples as he pinches my clit and I explode.

"Yessss . . ."

My fluids gush and the man groans in front of me. He's fucking the girl harder and faster.

I catch glimpses of blood through the mist once again, and I blink, trying to decipher what I'm seeing.

It must be a trick of the light mixed with the red hue of the room.

His hands force her head down, pressing her cheek to the table.

There's an almost vacant look to her eyes.

She's so lost in pleasure.

How much longer until he releases? Or until she cums?

The wait is almost unbearable.

He gives her throat another squeeze and slaps her ass hard.

She cries out as he finally reaches his own climax.

The last few thrusts are hard and deep.

He moves the table, wood scratching against the wall in a deep rhythm that matches each slam of his hips.

When he finally pulls out of her body she doesn't move, and I wonder if the pleasure is too much for her to handle.

I'm escorted from the room with a firm hand around my upper arm but in the background is the faint moans and groans of another man who waltzes into the Red Room as I exit.

Chasing pleasure. One crimson minute at a time.

The man leads me through that same dark hallway while his raspy voice in my ear whispers, promising untold delights.

"Welcome to Wonderland. *Welcome home, Alice.*"

"ALICE?"

Almost immediately I realized I was moaning as I awoke in the familiar chair. My body perspired as my eyes fluttered opened, blurry in their drugged state. Another moan is launched from my throat while my fingers roamed over my hardened clit. My pants have been yanked down, my

thighs spread open, and when my eyes adjusted, I was staring into the fascinated emerald gaze that initially brought me here.

“Doctor,” I managed to grunt as I lifted my hips.

He was watching me from beyond the camera, that little red beam of light, blinking and signaling that I was being recorded.

My focus was centered on his eyes as they continued to watch me, his tongue tracing his bottom lip and I let out a low keening wail as I imagined that rough muscle gathering up my juices. My legs began to shake, and I rubbed my clit faster now, the chains rattling against the metal chair as images of being forced up against a wall while a man flogged me, crossed my thoughts.

I wanted the fantasy to be *him*. The good Doctor.

My orgasm was unleashed with a brutal, hard cry. My body convulsed on the chair as fluid gushed onto the seat while the chains held me captive. Flinging my head back, I knew I was dangling there for a minute with my eyes closed, my breaths ragged and raw.

Suddenly I felt hands on my calves, the warmth of their calloused flesh a complete contrast to the coldness of the room. Staring down at him, I watched as the Doctor glided his hands up and down my legs, the bulge in his pants protruding lewdly, yet, he didn’t seem to care.

His head hung low as he slipped my pants back up.

“Hips,” he whispered, completely avoiding my eyes. I lifted my hips as he ordered, the material slipping over my quivering flesh, covering my naked and exposed lower half. I was too lost in what happened to ask any questions, I simply looked at his chiseled jaw, clenched tight as he covered me up. When he took a few steps back, I realized the light was no longer blinking.

“Are we done here, Doctor?”

He nodded and pressed the buzzer. “Thank you, Alice.”

His tone was anything but thankful. The timbre was more resigned with an undercurrent of something close to regret.

I silently stared back as he turned away from me, one hand gripping the edge of his chair so hard his knuckles were white. A pair of brutal hands jerked me upward and dragged my limp body back to the confines of my now padded room.

CHAPTER 3

ZACHARY

PATIENT: Alice Hardgrave
Age: Twenty-six
Sex: Female
Diagnosis: Dysmetropsia-(AiWS) Severe Alice in Wonderland Syndrome

SIX WEEKS AGO . . .

"ALICE, DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE?"

The pitter-patter of the raindrops held its own dreary rhythm as they hit the window in a consistent tapping that echoed lightly on the sill. The meager light that emanated was dim and drab, highlighting her current imperfections as if she stood on a stage for all to see, a spotlight of surreal and cruel scrutiny. Her dark blue eyes were distant while she spoke, consistently shifting about, unable to rest on any one object - unless they were on me.

Her voice was a mere whisper. "I need to go back."

"Back where, Alice?" I pushed the rim of my glasses up the bridge of my nose, my eyes assessing her coolly but always with a hint of calculation. A wary hawk that fully intended to play with his prey before the attack. Best to be on the offensive from the start.

"Home."

There was a visible shudder that swept through her slender frame as she spoke the single word. Wherever *home* was, it wasn't a safe place. This, I could sense, but didn't voice it aloud.

"Where is home, Alice?"

"Wonderland," she breathed.

I nodded, jotting down a few more notes while I quietly assessed her features. She was thin, frail even, her pale complexion almost ghostly in the muted bluish light. Her raven hair, once shiny and curled as I thought of the image in her profile, now lay limp and lifeless down her back. A few strands dangled over her supple breasts in an effort to conceal their rounded form.

We sat across from each other. Alice was perched on a simple metal chair that was the only piece of furniture next to my own. Windows aligned the room, bars sealing us in from the world, from reality. From where I sat, the light highlighted her willowy silhouette. Something about the way she was on display seemed almost wrong, nearly intrusive.

Alice was a pretty thing, a broad forehead that sloped into a delicate curve that ran along the bridge of her upturned nose. Her high cheekbones outlined her heart-shaped face. Remnants of a healthy blush still stained the apples of her cheeks. My focus shifted to her plump lips, perfectly pink, enticingly pouty, an image that nearly squandered my thoughts.

Her posture spoke volumes and was more expressive than any dull words could ever be. Shoulders squared back, her thin back straight and rigid, and chest pushed out, forced her long and delicate neck to remain on display, almost as if she expected a wild and feral animal to rip it out. She seemed resigned to the fact that these were her last moments. Perhaps this proper and uncomfortable position had been ingrained in her and she knew no other way to sit. A decorum that eluded to a fine and expensive upbringing. She came from money, or at least money had groomed her. And she definitely belonged to *someone*, clear signs of domination were present, but not one that had been healthy in the least bit. No, this type of domination came with manipulation and brutal force.

My eyes traveled down the length of her body and I was left to wonder how every hill and valley, each delicate ridge of her muscles and bones were covered by that alabaster skin. She was dressed in gray sweatpants and a white tank top that concealed far more than they revealed. Her white bra strap had slipped down her shoulder and my fingers itched to return the

material to its proper place, to touch the fine arc of her shoulder blade and skim downward to her elbow.

Long steel links secured her wrists, holding her chained to the metal chair. A confinement that was cruel but required, regardless of my assessment. My eyes trailed along the white bandages that wrapped around those same wrists and were visible beneath the silvery metal links. She tried to cut herself with the edge of her metal bed frame the night before, and unfortunately, my new fragile doll had to be restrained.

How did she wind up in Wonderland? Such an innocent girl with such a perfectly fractured soul. I could say she was lost but Alice wasn't lost in the physical sense. Her memories were locked up tight and it would take weeks if not months to push through her many barriers, if I wanted to. But that was not what I was being paid to do.

Realizing there was no other option but to plunge forward, I asked the inevitable question. Sometimes being direct provided the most accurate, and at times, the most unpleasant responses.

"Why did you try to hurt yourself last night, Alice?"

She didn't flinch, didn't hesitate. "To feel."

"Feel what?" I asked cautiously. My heart rate increased slightly as I kept my expression neutral. There was no judgment in my office, but I wanted answers.

"Pain."

She turned her head, and for the first time pierced me with a haunted look that revealed much more than the few sentences she spoke. Her dark blue eyes were startling against her pale cheeks, almost imploring. An unsettling feeling washed over me. What horrors lay within the depths of her soul?

"It's the only way to get back home."

Alice suffered from Alice in Wonderland Syndrome, AiWS, or dysmetropsia. A neuropsychological condition that affected the perception of a patient's surroundings. In Alice's case, she was always in Wonderland and it didn't seem like she wanted to leave. Her tragic past was rooted in her version of this fabled world and yet she felt compelled to return anyway. I could either sit back and observe, or play into her game to see where it led, and I had to admit, her game seemed *much* more enticing than what I had been contracted to do.

Alice was left on my doorstep in the middle of a night that raged within a consistent barrage of heavy rain and storms. I had no name, no identification, just the shivering body of a girl charged with murder and in need of a psychiatric evaluation. The Organization never did like to give me much information. I guess that was a cheap thrill, part of a sick game of fun. They paid me to lead their sheep back to the flock while they observed from the sidelines.

Keep her in the dark, he'd said. *Disoriented*.

Make her believe that she belongs here, with us.

My head rose slightly as I glanced at the red light of the camera above, blinking incessantly as it signaled that our session was being recorded and an unknown audience sat back to watch this young woman's self-destruction. Maybe they wanted to see her collapse or beg for her life.

It didn't sit well with me.

Everything I did was on my own terms.

What these silent observers didn't know was that Alice wasn't like the countless others that came before her. I could sense that instantly. She was both strong-willed and determined. The fight still raged within her slender frame and I knew it wouldn't take much for her to react. Even as she sat so prim and proper, I glimpsed a small spark of passion and defiance. To say I was intrigued would put it mildly.

Self-destruction wouldn't be the case for this black sheep, not until she found what she came for. I knew the moment we began to talk that Alice was no ordinary patient. Her gaze remained locked on mine. The secrets she held swam within the dark orbs, but it wasn't the gaze of someone who had lost their sanity. No, Alice knew much more than she led on.

Whatever her reasons or methods, this wouldn't end well for Wonderland.

Leaning forward, I shut off the camera and prepared to watch the show unfold.

"What's back at home?"

She lifted a finely arched brow. "What? They don't get to hear this part?"

A faint smile ghosted my lips as I realized my bright patient had finally caught on that she was being recorded and seen by not one, but many.

I shrugged. "Some things are best kept between you and I. Don't you think?"

I needed her to trust me. I wasn't sure why. I yearned for it, a game of sorts to see how far I could take it. I wanted to see how long it would take until I broke her. Perhaps I was a sadistic fuck, but I wouldn't be the first or the last to enjoy such games.

She smiled knowingly, a hint of humor dancing on those full sensual lips. I startled at the vision she portrayed. Part conniving seductress. Part innocent little girl. A contradiction that I unashamedly found intriguing and erotic.

Maybe that was where all those schoolgirl porn fantasies originated.

The way she looked was an odd reminder of her previous beauty. The haunted features made me wish I'd met her before all this. It was a foolish and fleeting desire. In a way I wanted her innocence back, yet I knew she was already too lost and broken for that. But maybe, if I could gain her trust there was a way to save her.

What am I saying?

I must be stupid.

My head is on the line here. One false move, one wrong word, and my life would pay the price for the pretty, abused captive.

But what if . . .

"Whatever you think is best, Doctor. Either way, you're the one with the keys to my chains."

I glanced down once again at the metal links that dangled from her wrists and legs, just enough pull to allow her to move her hands but no other freedom. These same links would chain her to her bed later tonight.

For a moment, my eyes closed, and I got a glimpse of her lying on that cold sterile bed, her legs chained and spread open for me as I let every fantasy in my head play out one after another. Her eyes would watch as I crawled up over her, ready to give the broken angel any pleasure she'd be willing to beg for.

"Doctor?" Her sultry, wispy voice startled me out of my lascivious thoughts.

I glanced her way and nodded, gesturing for her to continue.

"How did I get here?"

I hesitated for a moment, deciding whether to tell her the truth or give her the pre-rehearsed speech that had been impregnated into me since the moment she arrived.

I drowned in the depths of her deep blue eyes, suddenly torn. She'd have to find out the truth on her own. I couldn't risk my own neck for a simple dalliance of pleasure.

"You don't remember?"

Her eyes fluttered left and right, trying to discern the events of that night. I could sense her agitation. "What's wrong, Alice?"

"I need to know."

"I can't tell you that."

"Blood."

That one word caught my attention. "What?"

"There was blood on my hands. On my clothes. Where is the blood?"

Frowning, I feigned ignorance. "There is no blood, Alice."

"I know! Where is it? Where did it go?"

I watched her tentatively, surprised by the vehemence in her voice. "Why don't we start from the beginning?"

"I don't want to start from the beginning!" The chains rattled as she tugged on them, her tone furious. "I want to go home."

Leaning forward, I caught her gaze. "I don't know if you've noticed," I spread my arms looking around the empty solitude that surrounded us, "but I'm your only way home, Alice."

She paused, her resolve wavering. Concern etched into her brow as she slowly shook her head. "You have no idea what home is."

"Then why don't you tell me, Alice. Show me."

Her laugh was profound, an eerie sound that filled the stillness of the open space. And then she fell silent, her expression so forlorn I almost regretted the entire conversation. "All I see are remnants. Shadows of fading memories that seem to want to flutter out of my grasp before I can pluck them out into reality." She stared dead into my eyes, her face taking on the innocence of a child's. "I want them all back. Bring them back to me, Doctor."

Her voice held a hint of desperation and I knew she needed my help. Everything in me wanted to guide her, to help her, but I couldn't. The chains on her wrists only reflected my own. I was just as much a captive as she was.

Wonderland was no small organization. It was a way to trap some of the most virginal of souls and corrupt the innocent into their dark and treacherous lairs. The more time you were held captive, the deeper you'd

fall, until there was nothing left of the person you once were. Alice had wanted out, but there was no escaping Wonderland.

"Only you can bring those memories back, Alice."

"How?"

Contemplating the best answer, I tapped the tip of the pen against my lips.

I had to be careful here. My duty was to keep her in the shadows. *But maybe . . .*

"Follow your heart, Alice. Allow yourself to feel more than just the pain. There's more to life than pain."

"How would you know? You seem to be all put together, Doctor. Good schooling, a bright future. I bet you've never experienced an ounce of pain in your life."

I nodded at her defensive response. "Everyone experiences pain in one way or another, Alice." The words were true even if they were clinical.

"My pain is what lets me know that I'm still alive."

I couldn't tell if she was playing mind games or truly believed that pain was her way out. Maybe it was a little of both. Maybe in the mix of all the pleasure that was forced upon her, pain was her answer, her defining anchor.

She wouldn't be the first who had taken it as so.

"Are you saying that life without pain is too hard to face?" My pen was poised above the paper as I anxiously awaited her response. Alice was far more complicated than I first deduced, and this wouldn't be an easy task. The other girls had been as frail and flighty, just as broken and lost, but none held the fight and determination that lingered in Alice's demeanor.

"Wouldn't it be easy to have me all figured out? Sorted into your little boxes so you could tick off each one and give your prognosis. I'm not that simple, Doctor. Nor am I that complicated."

Sitting back in my chair I was startled but pleased by her quick wit. "Who said I'm trying to squeeze you into anything, Alice?"

She watched me carefully and smiled. "Isn't that what you're up to, Doctor? In that prim notebook of yours. Trying to mold me into one of those little clinical experiments you're so fond of?"

I checked off the first box on the list and wrote down my comments:

Patient is clearly paranoid.

When I looked up, she was watching me, her brow arched, an amused expression lingered on her upturned face. “Do I get one of those notebooks as well?”

“And what would you need it for, Alice?”

“To jot down all the small details that I find intrigue me about you, Doctor.”

My heartbeat picked up a little in response. “Am I intriguing to you?”

In a way I wanted her to say yes, and yet I was disturbed by how well she liked to manipulate her way around her answers. Before she could lead the conversation her way, I brought her back to why we were here in the first place.

“Pain, Alice. There’s other ways.”

She scoffed and looked away. “I’m done here.”

“You’re done when I tell you you’re done.” Annoyance mixed with intolerance shown in my tone. There were many games I would play but that wasn’t one of them. During my sessions, I was in charge.

She caught my eye and gave me a sardonic smirk. “Good to know the Doctor likes to keep the upper hand.”

I inhaled a deep breath and rang the buzzer. “I can’t work with you like this. You either open up to me, Alice, or you’ll forever remain lost in all that pain and anguish.”

I watched as she struggled against her chains while the two male nurses dragged her away kicking and screaming. If she wanted to gain control, she had another thing coming.

This was *my* Wonderland, and she would be let out when she learned how to play the game.

CHAPTER 4

ALICE

My own mournful wails of terror echo as the screams continue, drowning out any other sound, launching one after the other as my heels, clicking on the wooden floor, are the only other noise. Both consume my thoughts as I slip and fall hard on my hands and knees. Bruises will mar my flesh in the coming hours, but I will experience many more in the future.

This is how I live now.

I can feel my pursuer towering above me, the edge of his pants brushing up against my heels as I search for anything, anyone who can help me. The mansion is empty, my savior gone, and I'm left all alone to face the monster who wants to keep me locked in a gilded cage ready to perform at his whim.

His hands brush against the ivory fabric of my silk negligee. It's the only thing separating my body from his perverted use.

"No!" I cry out, taking a chance and kicking out before I stumble to my feet and run.

"I'll never leave you alone, Alice." Never. I know this. "Come back," his sinister command is a rumble that hits somewhere deep inside of me with an urge to return, but I push the foolish choice aside. He no longer has the same hold over me.

I'm going to be free. Soon. At last.

I run until I can't anymore, stumbling and fighting for every step that means I'm farther from his control. I'm so weak.

My body betrays me, and I fall. That's when I feel strong arms surround me with an embrace as rigid as steel. My shrill screams fill the hauntingly dark and empty alleyway as I desperately try to grab at anything to keep from becoming lost. I can't keep pitching down into that rabbit hole.

I won't . . .

"Alice! Alice, wake up!"

Struggling against the hold on my upper arms, my eyes fluttered open as I was plunged back into cold reality. My lungs gasped and my chest squeezed for air as I tried to fight against the restraints. More chains. More ropes. I was *never* free.

An angry wail escaped my lips.

"Alice, please, it's Doctor Coburn. Please, calm down."

He signaled to a nurse, and she tapped on a long sharp needle before aiming it straight at my body.

"No! Nooooo," I groaned as the steel tip entered the flesh on my backside.

More drugs, more medication. Never ending alteration.

I didn't want to live like that anymore. The semi-conscious state was all I knew for the last five years. How would I ever keep track of where I was going if I kept becoming lost?

Hours later . . .

"Shall we continue?"

"Please don't make me," I pleaded, vulnerable and partially ashamed for the show I knew was soon to follow.

"It's the only way, Alice."

My eyes narrowed on the Doctor, and that damn sexy smirk of his appeared on the handsome face that was beginning to haunt me as much as my past.

"I need you to trust me, Alice. This won't work unless you trust me. Now go on, drink your tea, it will make you feel better."

His voice lulled me into obeying his commands, and deep down in the recesses of my mind, I knew he was manipulating me somehow, yet I still let him. Picking up the porcelain cup, I drank deeply and allowed the jasmine to enter my body and dull my senses.

"That's a good girl. Take me back home, Alice. Tell me more."

Sadness lingers on the soul
As it dives deeper into Madness
Down the rabbit hole I go
Getting lost in its enchantment.

LIGHT BLUE STREAKS OF LIGHT FILTER THROUGH A CRACK IN THE WALL OF A far-off tunnel. The tunnel is engulfed in complete blackness except for that soft, pale blue light. The beams catch my eye and pull me in as they shimmer. My body glides along the floor as the faint rhythmic beat of music pulses through each muscle and organ in my body, luring me towards the entrance. I can feel a tug on my soul, a carnal and wild need to return to Wonderland and experience that same uninhibited pleasure again. I'm becoming addicted after only one night but it's not enough. I wonder if it will ever be enough.

I need *more*.

My fingers reach for a keycard access. There's a swirling blue decal that shimmers like a wave of tranquil water. I notice the faded glimmer of a word that suddenly appears at the end of a tunnel - *Serenity.*

My thoughts immediately seek the promise of pleasure and excitement. With a swipe of my hand, a card appears out of thin air, gaining me access into another world. I pause as the tunnel opens and I hesitate. A large, bright azure moon is set above a calm sea and my eyes take in the massive beach. As I step through, the tunnel slowly closes behind me, a rock sliding into place to keep anyone who isn't welcome from gaining entrance.

Unlike the crimson bedroom where everything shimmered with the carnal and red mist of sin, this place is the exact opposite. Black sands encompass the beach and my feet hover over the strange crystalline dust. Stepping down, the sand is soft as it seeps through my toes and a wave of calm overtakes me like the tide rising over the surface of the beach.

I follow its endless path, staring down at the glittering diamonds that form crystals and sparkle from the reflection of the moon. I'm so entranced that when I finally look up, I gasp to find myself in an oasis, surrounded by

bright fuchsia colored flowers and towering mushrooms with large white trunks. Their accordion-like umbrellas fan over me as I'm pulled towards the thunderous sound of pounding water. Through the thick brush, I come to a clearing where the moon highlights one of the most beautiful grottos I've ever seen. A daring cascade of water drapes and crashes against the jaded basalt rocks below.

The sleek curves are slick with waves of every hue of blue as they cascade down like tranquil and inviting sheets of calming liquid. I walk in further until my feet wade through an inch of warm water while the deep pounding of the music I'd heard before coaxes my body to sway as I relax into the rhythm that connects with my slender frame. The soft mist of the water hits my face as it swirls upward, refreshing my heated flesh. The atmosphere is charged with energy but it's slow and seductive, almost dizzying in intensity.

There's a presence behind me and I know he's here.

He was a persistent apparition, concealed in the shadows, and constantly following me as I moved throughout this new realm. I don't know if it's me that leads or if it's his desire that I follow. Perhaps a bit of both.

In the center of the waterfall there stands a broad cliff, two bodies - a man and a woman - are dancing sensually as their bodies grind against one another. A wall of water gushes down in violent waves and splashes onto the rocks beneath them, sloshing below their feet. His hands glide along the surface of her wet skin as he reaches for her short black summer dress and gently pushes her closer toward the steady stream. She's barely cognitive that he removes the silky material, focused on the sultry glide of his fingertips. Her skimpy bra follows as his lips lower to the surface of her skin and his tongue darts out to meet the tightening buds of her nipples.

She moans and presses her hips closer to his own.

He smirks, smacking the wet skin of her ass, the sound echoing against the secluded grotto and I draw in a breath. The mixture of pain and pleasure is reflected in the expression on her face. The man licks and sucks at her flesh, biting down occasionally as she squirms. Even from this small distance, I can see the marks he leaves on her skin. The reddened impressions prove his dominance but it isn't needed. She'll do whatever he wants. He reaches for the black thong she wears and rips it away, feasting on her exposed pussy.

“You like to watch, don’t you?” the seductive voice behind me rumbles.

“Yes,” I whisper, almost scandalized by the admission.

“He’s going to force her into that water, overpower and subdue her so she can be fucked at his leisure while she struggles to breathe. Isn’t that delicious?”

Gulping, I’m confused about how this will be pleasurable, but I hear the light chuckle behind me and then a teal colored mushroom appears in front of my face. Long lean fingers press it to my lips. I open my mouth and feel the sweet treat begin to melt on my tongue. It’s an instant aphrodisiac. The sugar slides down my throat with a warmth that sinks into every inch of my flesh. My body immediately relaxes as I turn back to the couple on the cliff.

The man takes his white linen jacket and tosses it aside where it lands somewhere out of sight. There’s a look of determined lust that borders on sadistic lingering on his face. He loosens his belt and slowly slides the thick leather away as she whimpers at the sight. His hand rises to her cheek where he pats it lightly before giving it a smack that causes her to cry out. The belt is wrapped around her throat like a lasso and he holds the end snugly in his fist.

The sound of the pounding water is only slightly louder than the words he speaks to the girl. Her eyes widen but she nods her head and lowers to her knees. Her fingers slowly and carefully undo the zipper that opens his expensive, white linen pants that prove his wealth, his power, and his undeniable control.

I shiver as the water continues to splash over them both and her body glistens with pearly drops that resemble diamonds in the light. His eyes greedily roam her flesh, devouring every subtle curve while he reaches out and tweaks her nipples. She jolts slightly before she shoves his pants down. His hard cock is exposed as it bobs in the air. She licks her lips and reaches for his rigid length as he tugs on the belt and her eyes lift to meet his gaze. His words are lost in the music and the cascading water that begins to penetrate the layers of my skin until I’m wishing to be the one on that makeshift stage.

“Watch as he brings her pleasure. Tell me, sweet Alice, do you want to be fucked like that? All the control taken away from you and willingly given to me.”

The voice behind me is so hauntingly deep and sensual, the rugged timbre sends a rush of heat into my core.

“I . . . I don’t know,” I whisper, my eyes locking on the couple.

She’s sucking his dick with her hands behind her back. The man must have ordered her to do so because she clasps them at her lower spine and doesn’t move them. He holds the belt taught enough to keep control but allows enough slack to enable the consistent bobbing movement of her head. I catch the moment when she chokes and the man laughs lightly, tugging harder. Her eyes fill with tears, and from the shrouded look of lust on her face, I believe she must love his focused attention.

The music and the water swirl before my eyes and I swear I see the hints of blue move away from the rocks and form a sensual mist that hovers over the grotto. Couples are exposed as every corner of Serenity is filled with carnal and wild acts of sinful sex.

That’s when I see it - a scene of such raw and brutal lust that it holds me captivated, and my attention briefly leaves the couple on the stage.

Against the side of the rocks, nestled within one of the caverns, there stands some sort of wooden device with a long bench and padded seat. It’s almost hidden off to my right. Mist seems to swirl around the girl whose arms are held restricted by leather straps, pinning her firmly in place. Her feet are tucked into the stirrups as her thighs are spread wider apart and she’s anchored down by three men. They are all naked except for their pants and the protruding erection of each one tents the fabric of their linen trousers with obvious arousal. One of the males reaches for a crystal jar filled with a blue gel-like substance. He swipes through it quickly with three fingers and a glance at the other two men. Her naked body squirms as he reaches down and presses his fingers, coated in gel, between her lower lips. The substance glitters against her core as he plunges a couple of fingers in and out of her slick sex and readies her body for what is to come.

It’s then that I notice there’s a massive, mushroom shaped dildo attached to the end of the contraption and it’s directly placed at her core between her thighs. The man smooths more of the gel over the massive dark blue cock as the contraption switches on. Within the confines of the grotto, the motor roars to life with a small buzzing whir and begins to move forward. The girl cries out as the provisional dildo slides inside her wet pussy and begins to plunge in and out.

Shocked, I stare at the expression of pleasure stretching across her face even as she begins to cry out louder. The men around her are unzipping their pants and soon each male is stroking their cocks as they watch her

being fucked by the consistent plunge of the sexual contraption. One approaches her head and orders her mouth to open as he shoves his hard dick into her mouth.

She's moaning louder, her sopping pussy making sucking sounds that echo in the wind and can be heard above the music that suddenly lowers in tempo and grinds in a seductive beat. My own hips begin to move achingly slow as I adjust to the subtle change.

I feel the pulse of need and lust, desire and greed that seems to have a stronghold over everyone in attendance.

"Play with yourself," the presence commands behind me, and I turn to my alluringly deceptive stranger, but he grasps my chin and forces my gaze back to the men and the machine.

I resume watching as my fingers dip into the edge of my panties and slip lower where I shiver in response. I'm already primed by the raw and open hunger I can see in every man's gaze. Rough hands lower to my hips and I can feel this stranger's body mold to my back as my hips continue to grind to the music. A low groan escapes his lips as he reaches for my hand and brings it upward. His warm tongue glides over my fingers as he tastes my slick desire.

"Delicious, Alice. Keep playing."

My fingers move back inside as he releases them, and I moan as I touch my clit.

"Watch the cliffs."

I try to tear my eyes away from the three men and their helpless writhing partner as she continues to be fucked by the machine, but I can't stop watching. One man is playing with the tight muscle of her ass as he inserts a finger and pumps her slick rear entrance. Her juices have slickened the hole and the man laughs as the one fucking her mouth grips her hair and holds tight.

The girl's eyes meet mine and I can see the unmitigated pleasure unrestrained in her eyes, the need to be possessed by these three men. Tears drip down her cheeks and I'm confused. A lingering and underlying terror reflects back at me through her hazed hues, and I pause for a minute as I become lost in their depths. The moment is fleeting, and she doesn't fight the men or their control as they begin to suck, bite, and pinch at her flesh.

A small slap lands on my ass and I jolt.

"Eyes on the cliffs, Alice."

I tear my eyes away from the girl strapped to the bench and I focus my attention on the man and woman straight ahead as their soaked and naked bodies unite. She's on all fours as he tugs on the belt that's still wrapped around her throat. Her head tilts back as the sharpness of the water from above fills her nose and throat, her head forced backward as he slams into her from behind. The man's hips grind into the apex of her thighs and his dick strokes her long and hard, plunging in and out as she gasps and makes mewling noises that are mixed with sputters from the water.

Blue mist swirls around their bodies and the water seems to take on a life of its own as each droplet slows to the point of exaggeration.

My mind reels from the wanton display. The man's hard dick moves at an almost agonizing pace as he ruts at her like a wild animal and every movement is highlighted against the blue swirls of water and silent sunbeams. I catch each inhalation as she struggles to breathe, every undulation of her hips as she struggles to receive his maniacal thrusts. One of her hands reaches for the belt and he tugs tighter, her fingers clawing at the leather but unable to loosen the hold.

I gasp, my fingers ceasing all movement before the man ahead of us suddenly cries out and spurts his load deep into the woman who collapses as he releases the belt and she sputters, her stomach resting in the puddle as she heaves in a heavy breath of air.

I can see the pleasure, the awe of the moment as it settles into her eyes.

The man behind her is panting as he stands, and another man climbs onto the cliff. His rigid length is shoved inside the girl so quickly she screams, and he tugs her hips backward to meet his hard thrusts.

My eyes close as I try to process the scenes before me through the fog of my own lust and deepening need.

"Let me help you, my sweet."

Fingers tug the material of my panties aside and begin to strum my clit with expertise. I moan as my eyes wander off the living stage and back to the contraption which continues its incessant plunging in and out of the woman strapped to that bench. She's shaking as another man steps up and shoves his cock into her mouth, ignoring the cum that is already covering her throat and chest.

I'm so lost in the scenes of carnality and lust that I can't control my own reaction. My cries of pleasure drift into the air and all of the men I've been

watching turn and nod at the man who holds me, their gazes burning with desire and heat.

I'm scorched by their need and my own, by the pleasure filled jolts that swarm inside my veins. I move my hips and seek release, desperate to feel that next burning level of climax.

"Not yet, Alice."

The deep voice murmurs against my ear, the words hypnotic, and I take in the sights around the room as my brain loses focus. The blue mist hovers around in the air and mixes with a rainbow of colors that shoot into bright stars. I can feel the cries of the others in the grotto - the girls that are being fingered, fucked, and pleasured like I am, and it sends me over the edge. I can't hold back. I don't want to delay any longer. My body needs this burst of pleasure.

"Give in," the stranger's voice behind me instructs, "now!"

I shatter at his command and ride the never-ending waves of ecstasy as they roll over my skin. The wet sucking sounds of his fingers cause his growl to erupt behind me and I nearly collapse as he holds me upright, licking his fingers and picking me up as I fall limply against his chest.

"We're getting closer, Alice," he mumbles with approval.

Warm lips press to my forehead.

"Serenity is in your veins now as much as the Queen's crimson bedroom. Soon you'll be a part of this world forever."

The words make me smile.

Wonderland is everything I yearn for and more.

MY BODY WAS HUMMING WITH ELICIT HORNINESS AS THE RED BEAM OF THE camera blinked out. The man behind the lens leered at me with an ever present hunger in his eyes. I simply stared back at my lusty voyeur as I wasn't yet fully aware of my surroundings. My fingers were once again on my sex, my thighs spread open for him to watch and devour every illicit touch.

"Did I put on a good show, Doctor?"

He grunted and turned his back as he adjusted the camera and took a quick peek at the footage. The sounds of pleasure I had made only moments

before echoed throughout the room and his gaze swung back in my direction, wide-eyed, as he paused the video.

“I bet you’ll go get off on that, won’t you?” I asked, hoping he would. “I bet anyone would pay a pretty penny to watch that.”

“What are you talking about?”

The lie was so obvious I didn’t acknowledge it.

I simply smiled at the doctor. He wanted my secrets, but he wouldn’t divulge his own. *Naughty man.*

“You think you know things, Alice, but you don’t,” he huffed, giving away how deeply he was affected. “You live in this make-believe world and yet you think you can outsmart everyone around you. I’m done with you for today.”

“Enjoy your masturbation session, Doctor,” I taunted. “I’m sure it will be a good one this time around!”

I laughed as the door slammed shut behind him and knew he would get off to thoughts of my daring and sensual exploration on camera.

CHAPTER ۵

ZACHARY

I BET anyone would pay a pretty penny to watch that.

Her voice taunted my thoughts, angered and agitated at every memory I held of her chained down in that room until I couldn't stand it any longer. Her words repeated in my head as I snarled. They bewildered my over-analytical brain with how accurate they were. There was no way she'd known. She was fully aware I recorded her sessions, but there was no way she could have figured out the game so soon.

And the game wasn't over yet. Not by a long shot.

There was more hell to endure first. Not to mention, more self-denial. At least for me.

I needed a few minutes alone. My body was wound up from that session and it took every ounce of my control not to act impulsively.

Leaning against the door of my private office, I let my mind wander to Alice's softly parted thighs and the smell of her dripping sex. Her scent drove my lust to prurient heights and had my cock leaping to life. My body hummed with arousal as I yearned to lean in and inhale her natural musk, taste her flesh and learn each and every way her body would respond to mine.

I wanted to memorize every detail about her whimpers and moans, commit and bury her every cry of rapture in my mind where none could take the truth of her away. She was like a drug and I was slowly becoming addicted to these sessions in a way that was both dangerous and all-consuming in their madness.

Alice was captivating in a way I had never experienced before now. When she spoke, it was sexy and sensual, her sultry imagery sent me

reeling into her world. That same corrupted world of sin she loved so much and chose to delve into far too enthusiastically, and which forever dangled temptation before my eyes.

I'd been a part of Wonderland for years now, not willingly, but it was necessary for my survival. Dominic Chartreaux, or how Alice described him, The Cat, was a powerful man, an evil entity that preyed on the weak and fed off their fear.

Mine included.

Alice was brought to me for that sole purpose. It was my duty to drain her of every ounce of sanity she held in order to corrupt every truth she claimed, but she was strong. In fact, Alice was just as wickedly intelligent as Dominic Chartreaux had assured me.

Fuck.

I wanted to get lost in all of her, every single inch of her wit, her haunted gaze, and her tight little pussy.

I was losing my will to this lust, and I didn't care.

My hand shoved my zipper down and my cock jutted out, precum already seeping from the tip. I was painfully hard and growing more aroused with every minute that I pictured those pretty pouty lips of hers. Hissing, I rubbed my thumb over my swollen crown, leaning my head back against the wall as I pictured her small tongue lapping up each drop, gliding over every thick and rigid inch.

My eagerness to have this small, slender woman, to control her, to possess her, was becoming a problem. She was so perfectly wounded. I fought with myself and the idea of ever letting her go.

Could I give in? Would I lose control?

All I needed to do was give her the key, but what would that kind of freedom unleash? What effect would that have on me? Our sessions? Her fleeting sanity?

I groaned as I fisted my cock, nearly jolting at the pressure as I gripped tighter. Slowly stroking the hard length, I imagined her full lips closing around my shaft as she sucked it in deep and I forced every inch down her throat. My strokes grew faster as I remembered how her fingers delved into those glistening pussy lips, pumping with a raw desire that matched my own.

The sight of her juicy cunt was mesmerizing. How I wanted to taste her in that instant. Just drag my tongue along her dirty core and feast on her

flesh until my name was all she would remember.

The heavy sound of her breathing had been an alluring rhythm that held me entranced in her wicked world. I wanted to join her, to erase all memory of her past and plunge myself so deep none if it remained.

My eyes constantly struggled to catch a glimpse of her soft tits beneath the white tank top she wore, and I had to force my gaze away more than once. That damn strap kept slipping, giving a peek of the upper curve of a pale white globe, but the rest was left to my imagination as her tight nipples distended and strained against the thin material. The sound of her juices had emanated throughout the large expanse of the room as she fucked herself, a hypnotizing erotic lullaby that made me grip my chair and force myself not to take her right then and there. Her fingers plunged in and out of her wet heat and I swear my hips moved involuntarily in response.

The thoughts that swirled in my head were mindless and revolting. Taking her without permission, without remorse. I wanted to cast aside my humanity and indulge in my desires. She wouldn't have known if I'd dipped my cock inside of her, filled her with every inch as the drugs fucked with her senses. I could have made her mine without her knowledge. She wanted me. I was aware of that intoxicating fact, and she would have given in so easily.

Fuck, the thought alone made my dick twitch as white creamy fluid seeped down the shaft, coating my hand to help my relentless strokes along as I searched for that impending release. The image of her fingers flicking her clit while I stretched her around my thickness made my rigid shaft swell with need. I imagined how her body would receive my cock, so willingly, so greedily. The thought was immoral, but the forbidden reality turned me on to such a degree that I could almost taste how good it would feel.

The one stipulation of this vile show that Chartreaux insisted putting on, was that I was not to put my hands on his toy under any circumstances. If I did, or if he found out, he'd destroy the one thing that mattered the most. My one salvation in this world.

That was his sole purpose. To control every living thing around him, including me. Chartreaux was a puppet master, an expert at dangling us all on the end of his manipulative strings. One wrong move, and we'd topple off that stage without anyone ever remembering our name. He could erase us as easily as he could find our replacements.

But Alice, oh, I'd remember Alice.

She had an undeniable appeal and beauty about her, and her strength was unparalleled. She was the one puppet who'd managed to rip away from the bastard, something no other girl had ever done, and he was still holding on to her broken strings as she slowly slipped away. I would give anything to see how his beloved puppet turned against the ruthless Master.

Groaning, I lost myself in the memory of her body, taking her over and over as she lay there, her body limp in my arms as her greedy cunt gripped my cock. I'd own her emphatically, and in the shadows that held us both like old friends, I'd make her my own and dwell in those pleasurable demons we both knew so well.

That familiar pull on my balls signaled my violent release, and a shout tore from my throat as I came hard, her name on my lips. Streams of my fluid fell across the floor and into the plush carpet. But the ecstasy was fleeting. I grimaced in anger, wishing they were inside of Alice.

As the days swept by, my task became more and more arduous. There was no doubt in my mind that what we were doing was wrong and I hated Chartreaux for forcing me to turn that camera on. The one thing that stole and owned my thoughts, desires, and needs so that others could steal a glimpse of what I so desperately craved.

Alice was mine.

I slammed my fist against the door, furious at myself for not standing up to him but also frustrated for allowing him to destroy the one thing I needed in my life. For making me realize my own helplessness and exploiting it.

Because I did need her, even as I tried to deny it. Somehow, she'd gotten into my head and under my skin and I couldn't get her out. I was just as lost as she was in this godforsaken underworld of sex and sin and I was desperately looking for a way out. Maybe she was my salvation as much as I was her own. She'd unwillingly become my only hope in this grim darkness I called life. My existence had taken on new meaning.

Help me, Alice.

Help me find my Wonderland, with you.

"ARE YOU ALRIGHT, DOCTOR? YOU SEEM A LITTLE ON EDGE TODAY."

Her eyes searched mine as if she knew my secrets, how I'd stroked my cock to her delicious performance, how I'd kept those videos for my own personal use. I avoided her gaze. Keeping secrets was my job, divulging hers was what she was brought here to do. That was all.

Even as the words entered my head, I wanted to deny their truth.

Don't pretend like you don't want her..

She's your perfectly imperfect equal.

"I'm absolutely fine, Alice. How are you feeling today?"

All business, I slid my glasses up the bridge of my nose and pretended her close proximity had no effect on my ability to concentrate.

She smiled and stretched in the chair, her movements catlike and her long limbs graceful. My eyes were drawn to her taut nipples outlined in that damn tank top and I yearned to kneel before her and take them into my mouth. My tongue longed to taste the pert buds and flick the sensitive skin. I wanted to sink my teeth into those peaks until a scream ripped out of her pretty throat.

She deserved to be punished for putting me through such agony. My body still buzzed with my orgasm, but the denial was causing my cock to harden again. This was my private never-ending battle.

Keep your hands to yourself, Coburn. She's not to be touched. If she is, you'll be the one who pays the highest price. Remember that.

That damn Cat's voice kept whispering in my ear, battling against the unreasonable lust that begged me to lose control.

Take her. Devour her. Teach her that love still exists within you.

Show her there's more than her painful past and you're the key that will take her beyond those locked up memories.

The devil and my demons were waging a war in my head. They were going to drive me to the brink of madness that existed within these walls and originated in my own haunting regrets. A madness every soul endured at the mercy of the Chartreux Cat.

I needed to get him out of my head and focus on the tortured soul in my office.

"I'm absolutely fine. Just. Like. You." Her smile was full of sweetness while her eyes held a glint of transgression in them. She'd been off the tea for hours and I enjoyed her this way. This was our private moment, no cameras, no witnesses.

"I'm not in the mood for games, Alice," I sighed. "Not today."

“You’re never in the mood, Doctor. It’s why it’s so fun to play them with you. Indulge me. What’s with your frown?”

“We didn’t come here for me . . .”

“I didn’t?”

She specified it that way on purpose.

We stared at each other from across the floor. As our gaze locked, something primal stirred within me. Her hands were chained once again and propped up onto her lap. Pristine and pretty, all in white, she was the picture-perfect prisoner that I longed to sully. I’d defile her and make her beg. I’d taint that smug smile on her lips and replace that look with total and complete surrender. I wasn’t sure why the idea launched in my head but for a moment all I wanted was to spread her supple thighs and act on the desires that caused my fist to clench at my side.

My control was slipping . . . and Alice would soon find out what happened when I was pushed too far.

The tea was beckoning us both, sitting on a table to her right. But, for some reason, as much as it enticed me to watch her get lost in pleasure, I wanted this broken flower all to myself for a little longer.

“Have you had any more dreams, Alice?”

“I dream all the time, Doctor. It’s what I do best.”

I smirked, wanting to delve deeper into her dark psychotic mind. “What did you dream of last night?”

Her features changed as her brows drew together and the memories surfaced. Anguish took over and her lips trembled slightly as she looked away. I was fucking with her because I knew what happened the night before. Her screams still echoed in my ears and her violent tendency to inflict harm had leaped forward in bounds, forcing the attendants to put her down or suffer the consequences. We were all under orders to obey, to make sure she wasn’t touched in any way. Even if Alice was the cause herself.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“But isn’t that what we’re here for, Alice? To allow you to free your demons? Tell me. What did you dream of?”

I was a persistent man if nothing else.

“There was so much blood.” Her eyes drifted toward the window, a forlorn look in their depths. “It was dripping from my hands and I couldn’t stop the penetrating red stain, my fingers extended outward. There were shadows that loomed over me, threatening, wanting to hurt and cause pain.

Decaying corpses haunted my every movement with the intent to defile and degrade me in any way possible."

I frowned, jotting down her words.

"Do you always feel this pressure? This need to be defiled?"

It made sense, in an odd way. She spoke of her innocence before Wonderland. This correlation meant she saw her own debasement as the result of her connection to that seedy underworld.

"Perhaps," she answered noncommittally.

I included night terrors to her list of conditions.

My curiosity grew with every session.

I wondered if the dreams were before or after the use of the drugs. The tea had the tendency of creating these symptoms but in Alice's case, it might be triggering memories, and that wasn't the objective here. The purpose was to give her the illusion that I was here to help, when in truth I was instructed to keep her memories locked up just like the chains on her wrists. If she remembered, Chartreaux's twisted game would end. As a result, he'd ration out his share of fury and bloodshed among us all. You never went against The Cat. If you did, if you betrayed him, he wouldn't kill you, but he'd torture you until you wished that you were dead.

And then there was that familiar glimpse into what could happen if someone would disobey. Someone like me. I'd learned my lesson the hard way. I could only hope Alice wouldn't end up in the same bitter end.

"Tell me more about these corpses, Alice."

The faraway look in her eyes was outlined in terror. "Their flesh was marred and hanging off their bodies. Their eyes gouged. Sharp nails scratched at my thighs and arms." She looked down at her hands as hot tears fell from her eyes.

Her body was covered in deep red grooves. Uneven scratch marks she'd managed to etch on herself the night before, when she'd broken out of the straps in her bed. The wear and tear on the leather had finally given way. I hadn't seen the marks on her thighs yet, but I knew they were there, and they'd entice the viewer just like *he* intended them to.

Damn him.

Watching a marred beauty find pleasure was surely a tempting sight. Even for me.

As I sat there, my eyes following the path of the teardrops that fell onto her pale white skin, I could only picture my tongue dragging along each

wound. Outlining the deep marks as her sounds of pleasure echoed around us moments before I sank deeply inside her. If she wanted to hurt, I'd give her the pain she was seeking. I'd bestow every single ounce of agony she wanted as long as it was coated in pleasure on my cock.

I couldn't help myself, and I walked slowly over, kneeling before her chair almost reverently. I dragged my hands across her thighs, skimming the surface as she winced.

This was the first time I had dared to touch her, and the thrill was like an electric jolt to my body.

"Let me see them."

I didn't ask. I commanded, and knew she would obey.

Her eyes had this innocent look in the pale blue that made me want to reach out and hold her, just for a little while. She lifted her hips and I didn't hesitate to grip the waistline of her pants, my hands gliding over her firm ass, and dragging the material slowly down her thighs.

Deep gashes outlined the flesh and she hissed, fascinated, while I traced the contours with my fingertips. Leaning down, I kissed each and every one. Her gasp was full of confusion and shock. I wondered how long it had been since anyone had shown her an ounce of tenderness.

I allowed myself a moment to get lost in her scent. Her sex a mere inch away from my mouth, I longed to place my tongue on her slit over the silk and watch her reaction.

Did I allow myself to do what I so desperately yearned for?

Her fingers dug into my hair and for a moment I thought, *yes*. *Do it.*

Her moan brought me back to reality. Leaving one last fluttering kiss on her heated skin, I swept her pants up, concealing her lower body from my lecherous sight. Sealing up my vile thoughts, I regretfully left the room, vowing never to let my guard down again or allow myself the inclination to seek out Alice for my own demented pleasures.

CHAPTER 6

ALICE

Gnarled roots crawl at my feet
Blue mushrooms wild in their blooms.
Threats made against my defeat
As Wonderland shows just how deeply it consumes.

THE SOIL FEELS soft and dewy on my bare feet as I make my way out into the garden. Blades of grass tickle my toes and lightly scratch the bottom of my feet with every step. The air is silent as a soft breeze sweeps through my hair and lifts the strands, brushing them lightly against my cheek. My eyes lift and scan the lush bushes and exotic green plants populated with bursts of bright color.

Up ahead, a large greenhouse appears in the open field of tall red cortaderia that wave a silent greeting in the subtle wind. I slowly move toward the building with a mild sense of trepidation. Bright emerald shrubbery lines my path and hills of jade moss combines with tall pines that align a shadowy and twisted trail. The sweet and intoxicating scent of roses engulfs my senses as it saturates the air.

I reach the towering gate, my gaze dropping to the viridescent keycard glowing with soft sparks of green in my hand. The hard plastic seems to jump and then slides through my fingertips, levitating toward the keypad. Buzzing lightly before the gate slides open, I catch a glimpse of a figure in the distance. I squint but the shadow disappears almost as quickly as it

appears. I push through the door and know that I'm expected, my entrance not only allowed but fervently desired.

The third world in this giant playhouse, I know the truth as it clicks into place. Each key serves a different purpose, and this morning, my purpose is this fragrant, blossoming garden.

As soon as I step in, a surreal haze surrounds my body, the same colored mist that accompanies every prepossessed world I enter, and guides my presence exactly where I am to go each and every time. A sweet, heady fragrance assaults my senses as I walk deeper and further into this secret garden.

In the distance, I can see the silhouette of a man, but it's not the same shadow as before. This one is different, the body taller and more imposing. That familiar presence I feel every single visit embraces my senses as I feel his energy wash over my body in crashing waves.

On a hill, slightly ahead, stood my stranger. A row of blue lotus flowers leads a path upward and directly in front of his imposing frame. He reaches out, a puff of whatever blend he is smoking swirling and curling like a thick, light green vapor in front of my face, before rising higher into the air. I inhale, unable to resist. My hand rests in his large palm as I accept his outstretched invitation. A slightly light-headed feeling makes my feet almost numb and my knees weaken. I remain upright, but barely. His strength keeps my body from falling as the fogginess settles in.

"I want you to meet someone, my pretty Alice. He's important to all of us here in Wonderland. A special individual just like you. Would you like to meet him?"

My willing response is unlike me, almost as if my ability to be rational or think clearly is being torn away. I'm not the type to be so eager to meet strangers, but for some reason I can't say no to this man and everything he offers.

As we stroll along the path, I bend down to take a closer look at the flowers.

"What is this flower? It smells so uniquely alluring and pleasant."

"That is Nymphaea Caerulea, or a Blue Lotus. It's very powerful, but also very calming. Just inhale its aroma, and let the euphoria sink in."

I obey and inhale the floral, silky, but heavy scent. Bright colors dart around in my vision like sparkling starbursts. Rainbows appear as amber

and gold streaks of sunlight beam down from above. My skin soaks up the warmth as I feel all my inhibitions drift away.

I want to feel, to let my fingertips run along my body and embrace the sudden, undeniable sensuality that ripples across every inch of my flesh.

He laughs. “I see it is already taking effect.”

Grabbing my hand, he tugs me along as I almost stumble behind him. My feet are like heavy bricks and I giggle. We continue on our way to meet this important man. I don’t know and can’t remember if I heard his name. My curiosity is temporarily forgotten as we arrive at our destination.

The greenhouse is tremendously large, rising up high into the sky, so tall it touches the clouds. At the far-right edge stands a large oak tree, its thick roots pushing through the grass and dirt, extending above the ground in a cradle like manner as it twists and curls in a labyrinth of brown and gnarled fingers.

“Watch your step, love.”

I grip his hand, a sense of dread suddenly overwhelming my thoughts to the point of fear. “Where are you taking me?”

“To see our Master.”

He says the words, so matter of fact, that they induce a nervous gulp.

“But, why can’t I just stay with you? Why can’t you be my Master?”

He turns my way, his chestnut hair falling perfectly into place, shadowing his right eye. “I am merely your guide here, Alice. *He* is the one you want to seek your answers from. *He* is the one who will teach you.”

Searching the grounds, I see the shadow of a man leaning against the tree trunk, simply waiting for my arrival.

“Now, go on, you don’t want to be late.”

Nervous energy surrounds my body as I hesitate. “I don’t even know your name.”

“They call me Absolem.”

“Absolem? Don’t go,” I beg, unable to figure out why I’m so apprehensive.

“I must. Orders,” he whispers, giving me a slight push as he nods at the figure who is now staring intently in our direction, his face still encased in shadows.

“Go,” he ushers, his patience at an end.

I slowly walk forward to meet the Master, every inch of my body trembling with the unknown.

The euphoria of the blue lotus winds its way through my veins, and I can feel the overwhelming sensations building into something I can't describe.

It isn't long before I reach the Master. His face is still hidden in shadows and I'm unsure of how to address or greet him. He solves the problem for me, holding out his hand in a sweeping gesture.

"Sweet Alice, it is so wonderful to finally meet you."

There's something about his voice that is both terrifying and soothing, controlling but seductive. The deep timbre isn't sexy, not really, it's enticing but I can't decide if it's a sound I like or not.

"Um, nice to meet you, too," I blurt out, my tongue twisted from the drugging effect in my head and the vulnerability I feel in his presence.

A slight chuckle leaves his lips. "You're so innocent. I love it. Absolem is right."

I want to ask what he means but I don't get a chance.

"What do you think of Wonderland so far, Alice?"

Without hesitation, I reply honestly. "It's addicting."

He tilts his head to the side and laughs again, his hands flexing at his sides. "You're so refreshing. I'm going to enjoy your company, little Alice. Quite often."

I open my mouth to speak when I'm suddenly lifted off the ground and my body is suspended briefly in the air. A scream tears from my throat as I'm forced backward. Tree roots that were previously twisted and gnarled are now encircling my feet and calves as they wind up and around, inching toward my thighs. More of the vines slip around my wrists as I lay back against something cool and flat. I briefly realize a wooden picnic table has suddenly emerged, and my horror comes full circle as my thighs are forced apart.

"Let's see what treasures you're hiding, little Alice."

"What's happening?" I shriek, my body fighting the vines, but I am much too weak to snap their hold.

"Your first lesson. Everything in Wonderland, dear Alice," he says calmly as his fingers trail along my body, "belongs to *me*."

I continue to struggle but it has no effect on the master.

He reaches down and pushes the material of my dress higher until it rests at my waist. The floral print bunches around my hips while his warm hands reach for the waistband of my panties, a smile so devious and

revolting on his lips that I scream again. I can't see his face or the rest of his expression. The sunlight and shadows play tricks on my eyes. He remains half hidden, too disguised to make out definitive features.

"I want to see your pretty pussy, Alice."

The ripping and tearing of fabric echoes in my ears, along with the knowledge I'm left naked and fully exposed to a man I don't know, but has every intention of taking whatever he wants. His inspection is humiliating.

"Beautiful, just perfect. Now, let's see how you taste."

He tugs on my hips as the vines tighten their hold and my ass slides to the edge of the table. Cool air meets my core as the master falls to his knees. The height of the table is in perfect alignment with his mouth, a conniving shadow of a grin emphasizes the evil that stirs around him. Wriggling, I try to avoid the inevitable.

"Please," I whisper.

"Please? Oh, sweet Alice, I intend to hear you beg way more than that. Today is only one lesson in a long list of requirements you will learn."

Frightened, my body stiffens as he leans in and his fingers spread my lower lips apart. It's the anticipation and the fear that collide in my head as I begin to tremble.

"You'll relax soon enough," he whispers seductively.

His tongue drags along my sex, and I fight the urge inside of me to moan. He begins to lap at my pussy, slowly licking and devouring my flesh as if he can't get enough. I feel his tongue thrust inside and I cry out with the knowledge that he's someplace no man has ever been before. The foreign invasion is unexpected. Growls and groans leave his throat and I wonder if it's pleasure or possession that elicits such a response.

Against my wishes, my body begins to move, my hips rocking just a tiny bit as the sensations he's causing begin to take over. I don't want to cum. I don't want to give in and allow this man to bring me such ecstasy.

"That's it, Alice. Fight me. Struggle as I demand your release. I'll enjoy it more."

One hand rises to my clit and begins a slow circular motion that combines with a consistent pressure that only an expert at manipulation and control could force. I'm soon writhing and clenching my fists in a combination of humiliation and despair. Two of the master's fingers plunge inside my core and I cry out, bucking my hips.

“I can feel your barrier,” he announces gruffly. “You need my dick to break that sweet little cherry.”

Fear turns my cries into screams of terror.

He laughs, chuckling as he glides those fingers in and out of my pussy and his tongue and teeth take turns nibbling on my clit and sucking it deep into his mouth. My body jolts repeatedly and responds without my permission. I don’t want to give him what he wants.

I’m betrayed. Sucking sounds fill the air as my pussy grips his fingers and my walls clamp down, soaking the table beneath my ass as he mumbles his approval.

“Cum, Alice.” The deep gravelly sound vibrates against my mound.

“No,” I wail, unable to stop the rising tide of my body’s climax.

He doesn’t stop, his fingers, tongue, and teeth bringing me to the precipice until I can’t hold out any longer. A long keening cry leaves my lips as I cum so hard my hips rise up and slam back down hard on the table and the master grunts, lapping at my core as I feel the fluid gush and splash down.

As the ripples dissipate, I am allowed to see only the bottom half of his face, still half hidden except for the victorious grin that hovers on his lips. He stands to his full height and towers over the table. One hand grabs my mound and squeezes lightly, proof of his total and complete control.

“Soon I will fuck this tight hole, Alice. You better learn to seek your pleasure where and when you can. From this moment on, you belong to me and to Wonderland.”

CHAPTER 7

ZACHARY

PATIENT: Alice Hardgrave
Date: December 13th
Session: Ten
Notes: Paranoia Extensive, Irrational Screaming, Restraints Necessary

I'D BEEN CALLED IN DURING MY OFF-CALL HOURS SINCE ALICE HAD BEEN incessantly screaming for the last hour. Every attempt to calm her resulted in more hysterics. The moment I pulled into the parking lot; I felt a sense of purpose driving me toward my unstable patient.

Sighing, I knew our meeting would be intense. I entered her room and yelled in surprise as two attendants had her pinned to the corner where she struggled to pull away from their grasp. Her wild eyes didn't focus on any one person or thing, but darted about the vicinity in terror. Nonsensical words flowed from her lips, her body tense, her eyes wide in shock.

She was in a living nightmare.

I knew instantly and recognized the signs of these episodes. She wasn't the first patient to experience such PTSD.

Approaching her calmly, I pushed the attendants away. "Alice. Alice, what's wrong?"

She didn't answer. She couldn't.

Feeling protective, I demanded the others leave the room. "Get out! Leave me alone with her."

One of the male orderlies started to protest and oppose my authority until I turned and gave him a threatening look. “Get. Out.” My teeth ground against one another as my jaw locked. If he didn’t listen, I’d throw him out.

When I turned back to Alice, she was shaking. Her breaths came fast and shallow. Chest rising and falling quickly, she didn’t see the world around her as reality. A clear sign she’d gone into a full panic attack. Instead of helping her, they’d wrapped her up in a straitjacket and shoved her in a corner.

Fucking Animals.

“Come, Alice. It’s Zachary, you can come with me now.”

I lifted her up carefully and laid her back down on her bed. Her body was trembling as she continued to stare off, but at least she was no longer screaming. I slowly released each belt that secured the jacket to her back, and once she was loose, I gently removed the heavy garment. Her shoulders immediately lowered as if the cumbersome burden no longer weighed her down - both mentally and physically.

She sat in my arms, her body pressed against my own, falling limply against my chest. Her eyes still had a faraway look as if she were reliving the unending memories that had assaulted her, and renewed whatever trauma haunted her soul.

“It’s not real. It’s not real,” she repeated, rocking slightly with each repetition.

She whispered the words and looked up, staring into my eyes as if she were telling me a carefully guarded secret.

“What isn’t real, Alice?”

“Everything. Nothing.”

I frowned and shifted, slowly leaning her back against the mattress. Lifting the leather straps, I slowly reattached her wrists and ankles to the bed. It hurt me to restrain her again, but I had to be sure Alice was safe. Even if it meant keeping her safe from herself. I secured her bruised wrists first, frowning at the marks on her pale skin. When I got to her legs, I paused. My perverted thoughts plagued me, both disturbing and exciting. Her nightgown had risen up her toned thighs and exposed the apex, a delicious peek of her panties. Blue silk covered her core, slightly indenting the material against her flesh. I swallowed hard, fisting my fingers and fighting my instincts, that naughty urge to reach out and run my finger

along her slit. I had to keep myself from touching her, the fight was becoming too much.

I reached out and ran my palm along her soft thigh before gripping her calf. Lifting her leg, I slowly and gently placed the leather strap around her right ankle. Once I was finished, I lifted her other leg and did the same, my cock stirring as I noticed how wide she was spread. Open and vulnerable, she was a temptation I found almost impossible to resist. I wanted to crawl between her legs and run my tongue along that soft silk.

Just once.

Instead, I groaned and stared down at her body, my head slowly lifting until our eyes met. Those hauntingly blue irises fixated on my own, beckoning and daring me to take this further.

Do it, *Doctor*, they screamed.

The words hung between us unspoken, but yearning to be heard.

I shook my dark and possessive thoughts away and crossed over to the head of the bed. I stroked her head tenderly and then leaned down, giving her a swift but gentle kiss on the forehead. Lingering any longer, and I would have stayed, taking her up on her silent offer.

"Sleep, Alice. We'll talk tomorrow."

Resigned, I slowly closed the door behind me and turned to face the staff. The orderlies stared back, questioning my methods. I was sure they would run and tell their superiors what the good doctor did. I was forever challenged, and it grated on my nerves.

A byproduct of Wonderland's influence.

With a stern voice and a threatening look, I addressed them. "If she screams again, call me. I'm not sleeping or leaving for the remainder of the night. I'll be in my office should the need arise to contact me. *No one* is to touch her. Do you understand me?" My voice rose in anger remembering what they had done to her before I arrived. "If any of you lay another hand on her, I'll make sure you don't have one left in the morning."

ALICE SAT DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM ME, THOSE SAME DAMN CHAINS attaching her to the same fucking metal chair. I was sick of seeing her like

that. My patience with this game was coming to an end. Neither of us would last much longer.

As always, my hungry gaze sought her out, eager and desperate to drink her in like an aged liquor and savor her beauty on my tongue. Her pale skin shone with a rich luster in the low lighting as I swallowed and ignored the reaction my body had to her close proximity. The metal was such a cold contrast to her warm softness. Her eyes were blank and sad today as unshed tears threatened to fall.

“What happened last night, Alice?”

“I had a nightmare.”

“Do you remember me coming to you last night?” I asked, hopeful she would recall my presence.

She shook her head and my heart sank. “No.”

It wouldn’t have mattered if I touched her then. She wouldn’t have remembered or recognized the man between her legs. I wondered how often in her past that was a reality. How many crawled between her thighs and took what they wanted without her consent?

In Wonderland, it was probably a daily occurrence.

Anger brimmed along the surface of my skin and I had to push down the urge to vindicate the broken creature in front of me.

“But, then again,” she continued, “there are shadows in my room every night. You would have blended right in.”

I frowned at her statement.

What kind of shadows lurked around and frightened Alice?

I wished I could protect her from those torturous souls, but then remembered I was as helpless as she was in that instance. The Cat had assured my impotence.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

She glanced down at her chains and tugged slightly on the metal. “I-I don’t know.”

Nodding, I scooted closer. The camera next to me was purposely turned off. I wouldn’t record our session today. I couldn’t expose her in that way, not after last night.

“You were screaming for hours,” I replied softly.

“They were *hurting* me.”

“Who was?” Rage rose within me as I suspected the orderlies of tormenting her before I arrived.

“Their eyes were a bright yellow,” she described with a shiver. “He threw me in that hole with the snakes.”

“Snakes? Who threw you in a hole, Alice?”

“The Cat,” she spat with venom. “He said I needed to learn.”

Large teardrops fell down her soft cheeks and my heart ached for her suffering. What the hell had they done to her? These incidents she described weren’t a result of the drugs. No, these were specific and traumatizing memories that surged and rose to the surface in the middle of the night. This was a cross between fantasy and Wonderland, but all of it was *real*.

“Learn what, Alice? A lesson?” I was trying to remain patient, but my tone of voice said otherwise.

She jolted at my choice of words. “Lesson? Oh, yes. He said I needed to learn what it meant to be a part of Wonderland. The pain was a huge part of the pleasure I was to endure, and I needed to learn every aspect of it before I could truly be his.”

The growl in my throat escaped before I could censure my reaction. “What was his name, Alice?”

“I can’t remember!” She cried out, sobs wracking her body.

Fuck!

I’d pushed her too hard.

The last few sessions had been too intense, and the lack of drugs weren’t helping. If Dominic and his Organization knew I was betraying them, I’d be destroyed. I was putting my life on the line for this fragile girl and in a way, it was my vengeance for what they’d done to me.

I had to save at least one innocent soul.

Might as well be the tortured beauty I longed to set free.

“I’m sorry, Alice.” I soothed my tone to a rich timbre, something she seemed to respond well to whenever I spoke that way. “It’s alright. We can talk about whatever you want.”

Silence followed and I thought the session was over. She wasn’t going to cooperate, and I wasn’t going to force her. But then, her sweet voice filled the space as she began to recall her nightmares in vivid detail.

I picked up my pen and notebook resting on my knees, and I listened, personal intrigue underlying my methods.

CHAPTER 8

ALICE

Into madness we all dwell
Seeking redemption and solace
Round and round the depths of hell
Shattered souls meet with its malice

I CAREFULLY MAKE my way along the elaborate maze of high pillars and ostentatious decor. Ornate marble stones lead my path into what seems like a Greek paradise. I wear a white silk negligee that falls just above my knees, my hair wavy and loose as it hangs down over my shoulders.

That, I was told, is how I am to be presented.

I shook as a light breeze drifted across my legs, the air billowing the sheer white curtains, two large and imposing shadows silhouetted in their depths. For the first time since arriving, I am afraid.

Closing my eyes, I kneel, knowing this is what the twin figures are waiting for. Clear instructions have been provided to me by *him*. That vile treacherous being who has taken what didn't belong to him.

The Master.

He's already owned my body and wrecked my soul. Yet, in my self-loathing, I still find the power to obey as I humble myself before these shadows.

The tap of their heels beats a staccato rhythm along the marbled floor and two perfectly shined, elegant pairs of dress shoes appear before my line

of vision.

“We want to see your eyes.”

They speak at the exact same time, their voices flowing into one another. A soft echo is the result, but one that commands obedience. My eyes trail upward along black sateen suits and well-tailored jackets. Their white buttoned shirts shine pristinely against their pale complexions. The twins are precise replicas, seemingly made of delicate porcelain. An illusion I can’t afford to indulge. I gasp as my eyes meet with two sets of golden hues haloed in immorality.

They aren’t here to make my life easy. As I catch the double sneers that lift the corners of their mouths, I know they’re here to wreak havoc on what is left of my soul.

“Well, aren’t you pretty?” The one on the left says, his blond hair glistening in the light. A taunting grin encompasses his brother’s features.

“Let’s not be rude, Brother. Tell her who we are,” the other man teases, playfully nicking his brother’s elbow with his own.

“Yes, of course. I forgot myself for a moment, my name is Rex, and this here is my twin brother, Reed. We will be your captors for the day, and we will be making sure you follow the rules.”

“What rules?” The question leaves my mouth before I’ve been given permission to speak. Foolish. I risk punishment for such a transgression.

“Why the rules of Wonderland, my sweet girl.”

I turn my head slightly, my gaze following the steps of Reed as he circles me. Standing at my back, he pauses. His hands trail through my long black tresses gently, before grabbing my head and yanking me back so that I am forced to gaze upward. I let out a sharp whimper as his brother steps closer, leaning down and gripping my chin with cruel fingers, forcing my face into his brother’s crotch where his erection is tenting the fabric.

“Oh, we’re going to have fun with you.”

They lift me swiftly, each carrying an arm and a leg to what looked like a platform of some sort. That familiar cross shaped in an X looms in the center of the room. I remember it from before. Daring me to play, enticing my darkest desires, yet, I’m not as eager as I once was to lay against its hard and unforgiving surface. Reed twirls my body around and slams my back up against the cross. I shiver knowing this is not going to be a playful experience.

He brushes a strand of my hair that has fallen across my cheek and smiles as his face looms close. A knowing grin of what is to come. Control is forever dangling just out of my grasp.

“Hands up,” he orders while Rex grips my wrists, strapping them to each side of the beams with silvery chains that glow in the light. The same is done with my legs.

I close my eyes and breathe as foreign hands drag down my body, one gripping the flimsy material of the negligee. I scream as the material is torn apart and the tattered threads are left to hang at my sides. A reminder that I am always at the mercy of my captors, whoever they may be.

“She’s a goddess,” one whispers while the other laughs.

I can’t keep up with which one is talking or moving. They are in sync, perfect and patronizing gods that enjoy their sick and twisted game.

It’s terrifying.

“I can’t wait to leave marks on her perfect flesh. She is a fresh canvas for us to work on.”

“Oh, yes. Lovely skin. I want to see it in shades of red and pink, black and blue.”

I cry out as the *swoosh* of a leather strap connects with the skin of my left breast. Taken aback, my eyes shoot open and I yell out again as the leather pierces my skin, catching on the edge of my nipple.

“Good girl,” Rex purrs as his hand reaches down and slaps my pussy.

“She’s wet,” he divulges as he grins at his brother.

“Not like the others *at all.*” Reed smirks as he trails the crop along my upper thighs.

Smack.

I’m in shock as the leather sears my skin, leaving bright red welts in its wake.

“Too bad she belongs to the Master. Maybe he’ll hand us over a gold card one of these days. I sure would love to feel this fresh little pussy wrapped around my cock.”

“Better yet, I’d love to fuck both her tight holes at once.”

They laugh as I squirm.

Reed shoves a finger inside of me roughly, and I wince from the harsh invasion. My reaction is only causing them more delight as they enjoy their demented show. The Master wants me to know I am only a toy. A sexy plaything and a tight hole to be used by any man who wishes.

My nightmare, my instruction, has only just begun.

Over and over, they lash at my body with paddles, whips, and floggers, each taking turns as they bring me to the edge, passing into euphoria and then yanking me out with brutality. It is a beating that is meant for punishment. Denial that is intended for suffering.

“You will learn to be ours, little girl! You’re a part of us, now!”

Their words are meant to incite fear in the weakest of minds. Even at their mercy, I refuse to be broken further. I refuse to lose myself completely.

Soon, my fight or flight response sends me reeling into a trance, a semi-conscious awareness where I float in an almost inebriated state, accepting the pain that is incessantly brought down upon my flesh. I can’t stop it. I have no control.

Or, do I?

Something shatters in my head, the pulsing pain throbbing behind my eyes as I blink.

Shattering. Breaking. Splintering.

I am no longer as I was.

THROUGH THE THICK FOG, FLASHES OF LIGHT WERE BREAKING THROUGH, penetrating my mind and enabling glimpses of reality to shine through with beams of cold, hard truth.

I wasn’t in that same place I had first walked into hours ago. Not really.

For the first time, I began to catch these moments of clarity as they exposed the world around me in a new and frightening way.

The palace of moments ago changed and morphed from the glittering marble halls and Grecian style pillars to the rusted metal pipes and gray, drab concrete of a basement. The dingy, small space was nothing like the opulent interior I was staring at minutes ago.

The delicate silver chains that dangled around my wrists and ankles had reflected the white light of a gilded palace, now they were weathered leather straps that forced my body tightly against the remnants of mildew and rotten wood. Platinum from the chains and the ornate decor swirled in my head and melted like liquid magma at my feet, sucked deep down into the drains that filtered into the sewers below ground.

All pretense dropped.

And for the first time, I saw Wonderland as it truly was - an underground facility used for a single, terrifying purpose.

The exploitation and sexual slavery of young women.

A cry issued from between my parched lips as I realized I was nothing more than a pawn in a game of strategic chance. Moved around with a skillful yet cunning expertise, I was shuffled about the board by the stronger, more determined players.

Furious at the knowledge, I fought against my restraints.

The leather straps held my wrists pinned to the wooden cross as I tried to wiggle and move. My legs were strapped to either side of the beams, spreading me wide and leaving my body exposed. Naked, I had no means of shelter from the lecherous gazes of the two men who stood before me, twin grins appearing on their round, smug faces. Their yellow eyes resembled the terrifying and predatory stare of a Cobra before it struck as they both hissed from every impact their crude straps landed on my flesh.

They didn’t seem real.

But this was no fantasy.

Rex and Reed continued with their bizarre punishment as my screams ripped from my throat. The flogging was more brutal now that I was partially aware. The leather burned across every inch of my skin. The heat penetrating deep into the layers of muscle and bone beneath.

I wasn’t sure how long the beating lasted, or how many times I drifted in and out of consciousness. I only knew the moment when I was alone, and the twins no longer brought the lash down upon my thighs and chest.

They’d left me here, the vibrating sex toy they’d strapped onto me no longer gratifying. The device was still obeying the command of its master, torturing my clit at the slightest movement. If I shifted slightly to ease the biting pain on my wrists, it would hit my clit, sending jolts of electricity and unwarranted pleasure. I’d suffered the humiliation and throbbing need for release for hours.

I was tired. My body drained of any type of emotion. Tears blurred my vision, falling consistently as they dropped to my feet and I hung my head in submission.

This wasn’t how it was supposed to be. This was a far cry from the Wonderland that was depicted when I first arrived. Drugged, innocent, and stupidly naive, I believed in the false images and sexual energy that

vibrated the walls in a pulse and thrum of ecstasy. A place where inhibitions were left at the door and the freedom to explore personal satisfaction was given the highest priority.

It was true, to a degree.

Unless you were referring to the young women who filled this establishment and its debauchery.

There was only one woman who truly held power and freedom in Wonderland. They called her the Queen. And she was a bitter soul. I had only heard her name whispered quietly by the few who had the misfortune of crossing her path. She was feared by the masses yet adored for her beauty.

No one betrayed the Queen.

The silver furnace was only a few feet from where I was being held, and the paint shimmered as my eyes fluttered and closed briefly before opening again. A thick, white gas billowed from within and filtered into the air, reaching out with ghostlike fingers until it encompassed every single crevice it could seep into.

Suddenly, and without warning, the platinum facade of the marble palace began to crumble in an achingly slow motion. Revealing its true black veil, I was shocked. The putrid smell of gas and sweat lodged inside my brain. Even as the room changed again, I knew fantasy and reality were finally merging and I was no longer locked inside a box of half-truths and lies, imprisoned in a world of horror and make believe.

My rose-colored glasses had finally fallen off.

I was gradually being freed from their manipulation.

The sounds of footsteps echoed in the distance as the one I feared most of all approached. Lifting my head, I squinted through the smoky fog with bleary eyes. A shadow stood on the other end of the dimly lit corridor, watching as I was intentionally left uncovered so that my shame was evident for all to see. A warped reminder that I was exposed and vulnerable to anyone who approached. This was what they wanted, what *he* wanted.

The Master.

This was his goal - total and complete submission coated in eternal shame.

Even if I was broken beyond repair in the process.

“Who’s there?” I croaked as the figure paused and then advertently made its way down the long, darkened hall. I shook with fear, not knowing

who or what to expect.

When my eyes adjusted, I realized this shadow was not the man I was expecting. No, he wasn't the vile and evil Master who lurked in this dungeon of horrors, but someone entirely different. One who wasn't a threat. At least, I didn't believe so.

The stranger was suddenly standing a few feet away, soft shadows encompassing his features, but as he moved slowly forward, I could make out each one in the light. A strong jawline and full lips, the molten chocolate glaze of golden-brown eyes, and even the dark brow that framed his dark lashes were briefly visible. A few seconds later he was back in the shadows, his decision to turn off the lights confusing as he flipped the switch.

He slowly came to the cross, circling my body and the wooden contraption with the confidence of a man who knew his world and controlled it without question. Since he was keeping his face hidden, I had no idea of his intentions. As warm hands caressed my body, I let out a sharp breath. He knew just how to touch me, how to arouse my interest and desires. The stranger expertly moved his fingers with the art of a man practiced in seduction.

My breathing sped up, my loins shivering as I fought for control. I was too sensitive from the sexual need and denial that sealed me in the hazy fog of lust, and just as his fingertips grazed my lower abdomen and headed south, I cried out in shame as a violent orgasm tore through my pussy and my hips rocked, bucking against the restraints.

His voice was a deep rumble that soothed my wounded pride.

"What's your name, *leannán*?"

I didn't quite understand the word he used, but his accent was undeniable. A Gaelic cadence coated his words and caressed every cell in my body. His rough hands continued their intoxicating, rhythmic motion on my flesh as if he were memorizing every contour, committing each curve to permanent residence in his mind. His warm breath sent thrills to my core as he closed in and gently removed the straps. Held up only by his strength, he released my bonds as if he held the authority to do so, and knew I would fall without his help. His warm gaze met mine, and he smiled down with a gentle and yet fierce longing.

"A-Alice," I gasped as his fingertips traced my breasts, and I stuttered my reply.

A glint of gold captivated me as he lingered on my skin, slowly tracing my areola. The light caught my eye as I spotted a ring on his right hand, exposing a wolf entrapped in what seemed to be a Celtic knot. The symbol intrigued me. I wanted to ask what it meant, but instead, I remained lost in the melodic lilt of his accent once again.

“Hello, Alice,” he grunted, right before he picked me up and lay my back against the wooden table off to the side, pushing aside the items that cluttered the surface. His tongue darted across my thigh and then brushed through my sopping wet slit. Heightened awareness left my body in desperate need. I cried out as he drove that talented tongue deep and sensually, almost soothing my entrance with each deliberate stroke.

My body shook with desire and I hung my head back, not knowing what to think of this unknown man. My hands tightened on the wood as I gripped it with force, my mind lost in a cloud of lust and confusion. I needed something, some small measure of kindness to anchor me in this moment. I was afraid I would drift away, forced back into the deception of Wonderland. As he swept across my clit, I screamed in delight as I came on his tongue. Every delicious aftershock jolted through my frame as he held tight and lapped at my core, sucking and licking until I was clean.

His chuckle rumbled through me as he left a light kiss on my mound. “Come now, I’ll take care of you.”

“Are you a knight?” My question was meaningless in its haze of euphoria, my head lulling to the side.

“What’s that?”

“A white knight. You rescued me.”

“Ah,” he answered with a light laugh, “and so I did, *gráinn*.”

He gently pulled me from the table and cradled my weak body in his arms.

“I have you, Alice.”

His soothing words moved my wounded spirit and I sobbed quietly as I curled up in his lap while he sat on an abandoned chair. He never left my side, allowing me to cry until his soft caresses lulled me to sleep. I vaguely remembered when he left the basement and brought me to a private room that no one could enter.

He was exactly what I needed at that moment.

Rex and Reed had been cruel to leave me hanging there without any remorse for what they had done, without a single explanation. I was left to

the wiles of their perversions, handed over by the man who called himself *Master*.

But *this* man had come to save me from their ruin.

If it was the last thing I did, I would find him.

I would seek my freedom with my newfound stranger.

My *White Knight*.

"ALICE. ALICE!"

My eyelids fluttered open and through my blurred vision stood a seething Zachary. I frowned, confused by the familiarity. *Zachary*. Since when were we on a first name basis?

"Doctor Coburn."

"Wake up, Alice." He was cross with me, I could tell. Cold and distant, his manner was unlike how he usually behaved and interacted whenever we were together.

"Have I angered you, Doctor?"

He glared in my direction as I glimpsed the depth of the anger in his green eyes. His jaw clenched tight, he flat out refused to respond or speak for several minutes. I wondered what had aroused his ire.

Once he spoke, I was taken aback at the venom in his deep voice. "Tell me more about this man you so deliberately spoke about, Alice. What's his name?"

I stared out the window and searched my thoughts, wondering if this conversation was wise. The tall oak trees were barren as the wind whipped through the deadened branches, and the sky a misty, overcast gray. It was a dreary, cloudy day, just like my memories.

"I can't tell you that."

He didn't care for my response. "You can't or you won't?"

"I *can't*," I clarified. My gaze focused outdoors as I stared out at a path that lead into the dark woods. I wondered what I'd find if I ever walked through the unknown gap in the trees. Would it lead me to freedom? To a road not yet crossed?

"I'm tired of your games, Alice. Alice!"

The slamming down of a chair shook me out of my stupor, and I turned my weary eyes back to the frazzled doctor. He was standing behind his chair, staring down as the force of his rage waged across his body. His knuckles were turning white from how tightly he was gripping onto the back of the wood. A small muscle ticked in his jaw as he lightly ground his teeth. Skin flushed, he growled out his displeasure.

“I’m not playing games, Doctor. Do you think this doesn’t scare me? I want out of this goddamn fog!” I screamed, yanking at my chains in despair and anguish.

My scream of anger and frustration filled the air and he simply continued to stare until I was breathless and drained, my body falling limp against the seat.

“Are you done being a petulant child now, Alice?”

“Fuck you.”

He smirked. “If only I could.”

Electricity crackled in the air between us as I realized he wanted me just as badly as I needed him. It was a raw, visceral need. A need of comfort, desire, and pure fucking lust, but it was also as palpable as the sweat on my skin, the space that we shared, and the very air that we breathed as it drifted across our bodies.

He hung his head, breathing out the intensity of the moment. The doctor remained silent for a long time and then he slowly looked up, our eyes meeting with a quickness that nearly stole my breath. “We’re done here, Alice. I can’t continue to help you if you’re not willing to be honest with me.”

“It’s not like you’re being honest with me either. Don’t think I can’t see straight through your lies, *Zachary*.”

He stared back with that same intense look of barely concealed violence, sneering as if he wanted to inflict harm. Not in the physical sense. Oh, no. He wanted me to feel the level of pain that resonated deep inside, to bear the burden of his broken and angry tirade. And, for some dark reason, I wanted to linger in that agony and torment with him. I had a swift yearning to share the darkness and stand alongside him as he clutched my body close. I wanted to sink into the layers of his skin and help heal his wounded soul.

“You’re here for a reason, Alice.” His tone changed, more malicious. “You did something very wrong,” he continued, narrowing his eyes on me

slowly, prowling my way with all the stealth of a wild animal on the hunt.

"You were found covered in dirt and blood." He dragged his fingers through my hair, and I gasped as he tugged my head back harshly, forcing my eyes to meet his wounded gaze. "You were brought to *me*, because this is where you belong." He paused for a long moment, his eyes tracing my lips as every inch of my body responded instantly. "With me." His voice hardened. "You belong with *me*," he whispered huskily, his lips brushing mine as he snarled, obviously furious.

Abruptly, he released me, my head falling forward as my hair covered my eyes. Through the dark strands I watched him stalk towards the door, his back stiff with rage.

The doctor was a coward. He ran at every opportunity.

So effortless it was for him to just walk away, closing me out as if I meant nothing. Tears filled my eyes and fell, slipping in warm, salty rivulets down my cheeks.

Maybe he was right. Maybe my path led me here to him for a reason.

But, that man, my rescuer . . . the one who haunted my dreams, was hard to ignore. I needed to know who he was because I had a feeling down deep inside that he wasn't one of *them*. He wasn't part of Wonderland, not like the others.

Maybe he was my way through this fog and warped fantasy.

Maybe, just maybe, *he* was freedom.

CHAPTER 9

ZACHARY

WHAT AM I DOING?

I'm exposing myself to her, my feelings.

She's breaking me down little by little and she doesn't even know it.

Alice lay on a dark blue chaise lounge set only feet from where I sat in the small office I occupied. I'd demanded this to be a private therapy session with the excuse that her experiences were too traumatic, and I needed her calm and cooperative. No one would ever know what happened here between us. No one ever *needed* to know.

Her hands were still chained together to links that wrapped around her slender ankles. My appreciative gaze trailed along her delicate form, dragging across the pale silky nightgown she wore as it clung to each luscious curve. Her body was a distraction but her mind was just as deliciously enticing. I was ensnared by her ability to keep my attention and hold it, even when fury dominated my every action. The thought that her dreams focused on another man sparked instant irritation. I wasn't sure why, but anger rolled through me in unexpected waves, compounded by the uncertainty in Alice's eyes.

A White Knight.

That was what she'd called him.

How dare she?

Perhaps I was pissed that she wasn't mine or maybe I wanted more than either of us could ever give. It was that singular raw need, so visceral and wild, that spurred my next thoughts into action.

Pulling up a chair beside her, I looked down at the fragile creature that had been left at my doorstep. Big blue eyes stared back without challenge,

unblinking as apprehension clouded her features.

“What are you going to do to me?”

I smiled as I reached out and stroked her forehead, pleased she didn’t flinch at my touch. “I’m only going to help you remember, Alice.”

Her eyes roamed the office as she shifted. Her body was stiff and rigid as she lay back in the chair and perched like a bird ready to take flight. Her bare feet kept tapping at the seat rest on the other end. Her curiosity won out and she couldn’t resist taking the bait.

“How are you going to do that?”

“With this,” I calmly answered, lifting a mechanical pocket watch in front of her eyes as it dangled. The light caught and glinted off the smooth gunmetal cover. A long delicate silver chain was attached to the end of it, and as I clicked watch open, the skeleton keys began their *tick tock* motion, lulling her into a relaxed state of false security.

Her eyes fluttered as she sighed softly.

“This will help you relax, Alice.” She reached up, her fingertips slightly tracing the silver chain. “Focus on the hands as they sway,” I commanded, my voice low.

Her eyes began to follow the movement, locking on the rhythmic motion of the watch.

“Deep breaths, Alice. Feel yourself falling away. Let every part of your body, every muscle, relax one by one. Pretend you are weightless. First your fingers and toes. Followed by your arms and legs. Then finally the rest of your body.”

Her eyelids began to flutter as the deep resonating notes of my voice became a soothing lullaby. *“Deep and deeper she goes. Where she stops, only I will know.”*

The beast within delighted at my words.

This is what I mastered in. This was why I was brought into Wonderland. I was proficient in the artistry of Hypnosis, and my research had brought the attention of The Organization and the amusement of Dominic Chartreaux. He’d used my skill for his own twisted pleasures on multiple occasions. And now, it would benefit my own depravities.

Alice’s breathing had slowed and was now shallow enough to confirm the induction into that obscure state of consciousness that would enable me to control her. Her limbs finally relaxed, nearly melting into the plush

cushions. My words and the combination of the watch had placed her in a full trance.

She was at my mercy. The urge to growl with triumph was nearly impossible to resist.

“Do you know who I am, Alice?”

“Doctor Coburn.”

“That’s right, Alice. Do you know why we are here?”

“You want to help me.”

The vulnerability in her voice was laced with the definitive truth. *She trusted me.*

“I’m the only one who can help you, Alice.”

She giggled and covered her mouth like a little child.

“Do you find this amusing?”

Instead of answering, she blurted, “you have a big hat on.”

I smiled at her silly description. Under hypnosis, some patients reverted far back into childhood. It was common to reach this place of untouched purity before any trauma was introduced into their life. A moment when safety, security, and innocence shielded their mind from depravity or corruption.

“I do?”

“Mmhmm, it’s pretty.”

Unable to help it, I laughed. “Good to know I wear hats in Wonderland. Will you take me with you this time, Alice?”

She didn’t hesitate. “Yes.”

“Good.”

“Take me back into the boiler room, Alice. The one with the platinum facade. The one where you met those men.”

I knew about the rooms, of course. The keycard entry. The colors that indicated each level of sexual sin and debauchery. She’d described many of them . . . but not all.

“Show me.”

Her smile instantly turned into a frown and she shook her head. “I don’t want to go in there.”

The experience she’d had was traumatizing, and her memories had her reliving every single agonizing moment. I knew her mind was vulnerable, which made my actions even more revolting as I molded her to my liking,

using her experiences to place her exactly where I wanted her. “Don’t you trust me, Alice?”

“Yes,” she whispered, “I do.”

“Then do as I say. Take me by the hand and pretend I’m with you in that room. I’m the one searching. *I’m* the one who finds you.”

A deep sigh emanated from her lips and I leaned in, tracing them lightly with my fingertips. My obsession with her knew no bounds. I was sucked in so deep, so completely. My need for her was never quenched enough, no matter how often I was in her presence.

Our dangerous game grew more deadly and intoxicating with every session.

“What do you see, Alice?” I breathed against her lips, close enough for her to merge our flesh together if she desired. She licked at the smooth skin, her tongue lightly brushing my mouth as something dark stirred down deep inside.

“I’m inside the room. They’ve left me all alone,” her voice wavered. “I’ve been here for hours.”

“Are you scared?” I asked as I swept my fingertips along the bare skin of her arm.

“Yes. I’m very scared. I feel like I can’t breathe.” Her labored breath signaled a pitch in her heart rate. “They left me,” she repeated.

“Shhhh, you’re not alone, my sweet Alice. Look for me in the shadows. I’m always there. Look for the hat, it gives me away.” She almost smiled at the comment. “Tell me, what do you see?”

“A man. He’s coming toward me.”

“*I* came to find you, Alice. Do you see me?” I whispered in her ear as I let my hand roam along the silk covering her plump breasts, my thumb brushing lightly over one nipple as it puckered beneath the fabric.

“Yes, I see you.” Her sultry whisper ignited a raging fire in my blood.

“You’ve been here a long time, haven’t you, my sweet girl?”

Her brows were drawn together in a frown. “Please help me, Doctor.”

I watched as her eyes fluttered and her lips parted. Her body responded to mine so easily. I could feel the heat emanate as I remained close.

“Help me,” she pleaded on a broken and desperate gasp.

I was the only one coming to save her. Nothing but a memory now, I didn’t want to know how she suffered and yet a sadistic part of me wanted to relish in it. Anger rolled across my back and shoulders at the thought of

another man possessing what was mine and I roughly yanked her thighs apart.

“Tell me what you feel, Alice.”

“His hands are on my breasts. They’re gliding along my body. My pussy, it’s vibrating. It hurts.”

She whined while I swept my hand up her thigh until I hit the crevice of her sex, the dampness of the cloth proof of her heightened sensitivity and arousal. Her excitement increased my own.

“Did those men hurt you, Alice?” My whisper was suggestive in her ear, implanting myself and my darkest desires into her thoughts and penetrating her dreams.

“They beat me.”

Sucking in a breath, I couldn’t resist the small groan that escaped my lips at the thought of inflicting both pain and pleasure at the same time from Alice’s young and eager body. “Were you behaving badly?”

“I don’t know.” Her tiny voice sounded lost and frightened. Her hand reached out, looking for my reassurance, and I gripped her palm tightly in my own. “Don’t leave me.”

“I won’t,” I promised. “I’m here, Alice. *I’m right here.* I came to save you.”

My fingers gently pushed the delicate fabric of her panties aside and I groaned as my hand finally slid across the soft dark curls that outlined her swollen center.

“Doctor,” she sighed against my mouth as her heated breath caused my cock to twitch.

“Zachary,” I whispered as I slipped my fingers along her wetness. Desperate to hear my name on her lips, a light groan escaped. “Do you feel me, Alice?”

Please say yes, tell me you want to feel me in every way.

“Yes,” she whimpered, her thighs parting wider as she gave me total and complete access.

“Does it feel good?”

“Mmmhmmm,” she moaned, her hips lifting as I inserted a finger into her deliciously warm slit. I stroked her slowly, loving her sweet cries and mewls for more as my thumb connected with her clit.

“I’m here to make you feel better, Alice. Only me. Your Doctor. *I’m* your savior.”

The words unhinged the beast that lay dormant until now. I was every bit the depraved monster and I didn't care. Alice was my sweet addiction, my cocaine laced drug of choice.

With a low rumbling grunt, I yanked her hands up by the chains and pressed a knee on the couch, hovering over her sexy body as I slid another finger inside of her sweet, wet pussy. She cried out when I curled my fingers, fucking her roughly as I whispered suggestively into her ear.

"You belong to *me*, Alice. Your orgasms are *mine*."

"Only you, Zachary," she moaned in agreement and I couldn't help but nip her taut nipple through the thin white nightgown, causing her to jerk in response. Her cry of pain only made me want to fuck her harder. I wanted her submission. I wanted her to know that it all ended and began with me. I was her jailer but also her salvation. Her rescuer. Her only real option.

No one else.

"What do you see, Alice? Tell me what you see in front of you."

Something flashed across her face, an expression of awe that briefly frightened me.

"What do you see?" I asked again, my jaw clenched tight.

"My White Knight."

Her whispered words set off an explosion of fury.

No, I would erase all memory of another.

"No, my sweet, Alice. It's only *me*. Your good doctor, Zachary."

"Zachary," she moaned as I pumped my fingers, ruthlessly chasing her release.

She gasped, her body tightening, back arching, until she suddenly came undone in my arms, crying out *my* name. No hint of that stranger in white. "That's right, my sweet girl. You see me, only *me*."

I coaxed her down from her orgasm as I slipped my hand out of her depths and gently placed her panties back in position. Giving her a light kiss on her lips, I moved away. Unable to resist the cocky smile on my face, I leaned back in my chair and ended the process as if nothing had happened.

"Alice you are no longer hanging from those chains, you are now in my arms. *Safe.* You will remember everything I made you feel at the touch of my hands. On the count of three, I want you to come back to me. One. Two. Three."

I lifted my fingers to my nose and inhaled her scent right as her eyes were fluttering open. Smiling, I shifted the notebook on my lap, hiding my

swollen erection. Her eyes squinted, adjusting to the light. “Are you alright, Alice?”

“Y-yes, I think so.” She stared up at the ceiling for a moment and then her blue eyes shifted nervously until they landed on mine.

“Do you remember anything?”

She nodded, her lips slightly parted, her cheeks flushed a bright pink. She scooted up on the couch, her eyes never leaving my own as her hand wandered between her legs. Her thighs were probably slick with her own juices and I longed to run my tongue along her flesh and gobble her up.

“What is it, Alice?”

“It was you. You were the one who . . .”

Her words failed her, and I smiled knowingly. She was unable to voice it, but her body responded to mine instinctively. I pretended to ignore her wandering hand and took down a few makeshift notes before finally meeting her bewildered expression. “I believe we’ve made some progress today. We’re done here. I’ll see you again tomorrow, Alice.”

“Yes, Doctor,” she replied, breathless. Her soft whispered moan followed me down the hallway and into the bathroom.

I couldn’t get alone fast enough.

Taking my cock out, I gave the rigid length a long hard pull as I imagined sliding between her thighs and sinking into her heat. The scent of her pussy lingered on my fingers as I erratically drove my hips into my fist. I was well aware that I was acting like a fucking pervert. As disgusted as I was with myself, my jealousy was also blinding.

Alice had me teetering on the edge.

How could she betray me in that way? How could she tell me that *he* was the only one who could save her when I was right here?

I. Was. Right. Here.

My mind rebelled as I shouted out a curse and my release unleashed with such fury I fell back against the wall. Involuntary streams of cum shot across the white tile as my body tightened and I shook with euphoria. My anger and my lust were intoxicating. A drug I would never give up.

Just as I would never give up Alice.

Wonderland couldn’t have her. I wouldn’t let that damn Cat have her either.

And I’d be damned if that so-called White Knight would ever claim what was mine.

I slammed my fist against the cool tile, hearing it crack beneath my bones. Pain ricocheted up my elbow, and I cried out as I leaned back against the stall door. My energy depleted, I crumbled to the floor.

This was Wonderland.

A dark nightmarish prison in which no one could escape from. I was doomed to remain here, she was not. Not my sweet, caring Alice.

Cradling my head in my hands, I wept my frustration.

I knew what I had to do, and I was the only one who could do it. She was searching for a savior, and I was in a desperate hunt for redemption. The two raw and visceral desires clashed in an explosive need we both wouldn’t stop pursuing.

Sometimes you find what you need in the most unexpected of places. I found it in the form of a pretty blue-eyed girl with an innocent soul and a blemished heart.

She found a doctor, soul twisted and mad . . . *as a Hatter.*

CHAPTER 10

ZACHARY

TENSION FILLED the air this evening, the sharpness of the cold wind adding to my discomfort. Perhaps my anxiety had reached its peak as a result of the dangerous game I continued to play with my willing and ruthless adversary. Alice was no weak-minded fool. I left her alone today in fear that too much of my darkness would creep in and consume her. Even more frightening was the thought I may lose myself forever in the process.

The rain began to drip in tiny splashes as the frigid air finally gave way to the approaching storm. The droplets soon hammered heavily on the roof of the old building as thunder shook the foundation. A powerful bolt of lightning made the lights flicker off and on for a few seconds. Once they turned back on completely, I knew I wasn't alone. Larger than life, my unexpected visitor stood in the reflection of the mirror where I had briefly gazed at my own.

You could always sense when he was around. He sucked the life out of anything that was in his proximity.

"Doctor Zachary Coburn."

He pronounced my name slowly. Each syllable was rolled on his tongue like he enjoyed torturing me as long as possible with his monotone sarcasm.

"Dominic." I turned to face my captor. "This is a surprise."

It truly was, I wasn't expecting to see his detestable presence for a few more months.

"Yes, well it seems it was time to pay you a visit. I wasn't expecting this behavior. At least, not from you. But then again, there aren't many men who can resist her, you know."

I swallowed hard, avoiding his gaze. He had a way of seeing through people that was unnerving. Instead of answering right away, I went and got what he liked best. Opening up a compartment in the old cabinet in my office, I pulled out two crystal highball glasses. He liked a specific rich whiskey, aged to perfection. I kept it on hand for such occasions. Pouring two drinks, I turned back around, a false but convincing smile on my lips, one I had perfected over the last few years.

“To what do I owe the visit?” I handed him his glass, hoping he didn’t catch the light tremor in my fingertips.

It wasn’t fear so much as concern. Dominic was unpredictable.

“I was told you’ve been having private sessions with Miss Hardgrave.”

I took a big gulp of the whiskey, allowing it to burn down my throat and into the knot that had formed in my belly. Turning my back to him again, I poured another glass.

“She’s been having night terrors.”

“Is that so?”

“I need her calm and composed if I’m going to keep her deeply imbedded in Wonderland.”

“So, you had to lock her up in your private quarters while you did what, Doctor?” His piercing gaze gave no hint of his thoughts but betrayed an annoyance that could lead to trouble.

I sat down in my chair, leaning back and making sure I seemed relaxed as I crossed one leg over the other. I knew what signs he was looking for, could tell how he was scrutinizing my every word and behavior. Elevated heart rate, dilated pupils, fidgeting, shifting - all a betrayal of my allegiance to Wonderland. Instead, I willed myself to remain calm.

He was a master of deception and an expert at picking out lies. He’d been lied to his whole life. Trust wasn’t something Dominic gave away easily. I didn’t think he even trusted his own mother, not that I blame him. The bitch was the worst type of heathen you could imagine. Abusive both physically and mentally, she was addicted to the worst kind of men. Men who would come into Dominic’s home and degrade and defile him as a child. His mind was twisted, his past was dark, his trust was understandably non-existent.

“I didn’t lock her up in my quarters,” I explained carefully. “I asked to be left alone with her without distraction. Her depression and anxiety are forcing her out of Wonderland.”

“Says the good doctor.” Dominic sipped on the whiskey; his evil gaze glued to mine. He was known to be intimidating, bringing men to their knees in submission. I refused to be that kind of man. It wasn’t in my nature.

Ignoring his attempt to get under my skin, I steered the conversation back on point. “My understanding is that you’d like to continue the sessions?”

He nodded, swirling the drink in his hand. “If you want to get paid, I need her on that chair. And Doctor, she’s been missed. Terribly.”

I hadn’t set up any live video feeds in the last week. The break was intentional. I’d purposely been giving her lower dosages of the tea I had been ordered to have her drink. Her mind was deteriorating under that wicked brew and I intended to save her from further harm. I knew they’d catch on sooner or later, I just hoped it would have been the latter.

He made no move to leave or continue the discussion, eyeing me with a mixture of disdain and frustration.

“What is it you want, Dominic?”

He arched a brow and stared fixedly at me, avoiding the question. Evil lurked in his cold, dark eyes and I had no doubt he’d kill me with his own bare hands if he had to. Hell, he’d do it just because he was bored.

"Did you fall in love with her?”

I smirked, taking a swig of the drink I held tightly in my hand. My white knuckles were showing, and I relaxed them slightly, lest he caught the action.

“I’m here to do a job. I was told to sit her in a chair, give her the lotus, and record her. She’s been putting on a show for weeks, what more do you want?”

“I want her humiliation, Doctor. I want her *full* submission back into Wonderland.”

I desperately wanted to tell him to fuck off. “Well, that’s not going to happen.”

His eyes narrowed and that familiar anger rolled off him in waves, directed right at me, the unwilling pawn in his sadistic game. “Are you defying me?”

“I’m simply stating a fact. I can try to drug her as much as you want, but she’s a fighter. The drugs are no longer working as predicted and she’s becoming more and more lucid as the days carry on.”

He watched me for a long moment, and then swirled the contents of his glass as he began to smile. “You have a thing for madness, Doctor?"

I clenched my fists and his eyes focused on the movement. I knew exactly why he spoke those words. Dominic was eliciting a specific response. He wanted to hurt and anger me, resurface my bitter and heartbroken past. His obsession with playing on the psyche and knowing his enemy’s weaknesses was well known.

Not tonight.

If you worked for Wonderland, not only was there no escape, but all your secrets would be forced out, one by one. No matter how tightly you hung onto them, The Cat would find a way to trap them in his clutches and keep them for himself until the moment they could be used against you.

Vile creature that he was, this was normal behavior.

“It seems you enjoy preying on the weak. Just like you did on your pretty wife. Isn’t that your specialty? Nothing to be ashamed of, we’re all here because of our talents, Doctor.”

My jaw clenched and I gripped the armrest, the wood creaking beneath my hand. He was instigating a reaction. This was his way of gaining the upper hand, but I wouldn’t let him win. If I laid one finger on him, I was dead. The orderlies only followed one mandate, and it was under strict orders from the Queen of Hearts. You touch a hair on Dominic Chartreaux’s head, and it would be your neck that stretched. More specifically, chopped off. She was rather fond of such gruesome acts. I wasn’t going to become an example.

“You do recall your pretty wife, don’t you, Doctor?”

I swallowed the bile that rose in my throat as I sat quietly, seething as he rose and slowly wandered over to the bay window. Lightning struck nearby, casting him into the light briefly before the shadows swallowed him up once again.

The man lived in darkness, made his home in the corrupt and vile world he built while spilling the blood of others.

“She was beautiful, wasn’t she? Your wife? I remember how she felt in my arms when she gave herself to me, the scent of roses in her hair as she begged to be mine. It was a shame she died so abruptly. An accident that could have easily been avoided if you’d just listened.”

Rage vibrated under my skin with every word he spoke.

“You never have been good at following orders, have you?”

I remembered her smile, my delicate Katrina. The gold in her hair glimmered brightly when she danced and her smile, it lit the room up whenever she entered. I should have done what I was told. I never should have tried to leave. But I had lost her at that point, and there was nothing else I wanted in life. He'd stolen the only thing that mattered to me, defiled it, and destroyed it.

He broke me that day.

I wanted to run, but there were always consequences when running away from Wonderland. Instead, I became lost in haunting memories.

I'd been seconds too late to save her. Dominic played with me, fucking Katrina as he choked the life from her body. I could still see the way her lifeless form hung, her unseeing eyes staring back at nothing. Empty. Dark. Within seconds, her life had been completely diminished of any light.

His upper lip curled in a wide sadistic smile that played on Dominic's face while he yanked on the silver chain around her neck, snapping her esophagus as he released his orgasm and spilled inside of her still warm body. I would never forget the words that left his mouth when he was done, pulling out of her with satisfaction.

You'd never guess how good a corpse's pussy feels tightening around your cock. Your wife was a good fuck, Doctor.

I had collapsed to my knees, silent tears falling from my eyes in shock and grief. Almost as if he was much farther away, I vaguely heard him pull up his zipper and make his way in my direction. Placing a hand on my shoulder, he leaned down and whispered in my ear, "The next time you try to leave, I'll suck the soul out of you, but I'll make sure to leave you alive long enough for you to feel every second of it slipping away. Her death falls in your hands, Doctor. Shame, I did love her so."

Patting my shoulder with a mocking gesture, he left me there with my wife's lifeless corpse hanging from the chains. For a full five minutes I didn't move until I was certain that he was gone. The moment I could properly grieve, I screamed and roared my agony, banging my fists against the concrete floor over and over again. I'd crawled over to where she was, dragging my shaking hands over her body as I fought the urge to vomit, lifting the chains that marred her once perfect flesh. Bright purple bruises marred her skin from where he'd harmed and abused her repeatedly. All to teach me a lesson.

I cradled and rocked her for hours, her body growing cold in my arms. No one came in to check on us, no one cared if another woman was dead. It was all the same to those in Wonderland. *Another corpse.*

Another forgotten soul.

The memory faded as I looked upward, my eyes locking on that stupid, Cheshire grin. Dominic knew where I had gone, delighted in the fact that I had retreated back to that horrid and painful memory. He adjusted his pants in front of me, his erection proof that he got off on such despicable imagery.

As my thoughts cleared and I remembered Alice, I knew I wouldn't let him murder another woman again. He couldn't be allowed to rule Wonderland.

It was time for the king to lose his crown.

I was beyond the point of no return now, too deep in to care about how I would be taken down with him. All I wanted was to see that smug son of a bitch suffer.

Standing, I made it clear the conversation was over.

"I believe we are done here, Dominic."

His eyes narrowed and I knew his anger was partially due to the fact that I wasn't readily giving him the full satisfaction of breaking down as he would have liked, that I still fought against his control. I'd given him more than I wanted already, revealed far more than I ever intended. My pain was evident.

Instead of engaging him further, I pasted on a smile that I knew didn't quite reach my eyes and I made sure he understood this meeting was over.

"I want her on the screen tonight."

"I'll do my best."

He took the few remaining steps that separated us, standing toe to toe with me. "You do what I tell you to do, *puppet*."

Every instinct in my body strained against the urge to strike him down.

I grimaced as he straightened my tie and tapped a finger on my chest. "I'll be seeing you again soon, Doctor."

"I'll be looking forward to it." The sarcastic tone in my voice wasn't missed.

He paused briefly as he reached the door. "Careful, Doctor, wouldn't want to be misinterpreted and then what would happen to that handsome head of yours. Good Evening, Zachary."

"Good evening, Dominic."

The door slammed shut behind him and I smashed the empty glass against the window in fury. Shattered shards scattered across the floor and I seethed as the brisk winter wind swept through the room. That same frigid air cloaking me in its daggers as it cooled my temper but not my rage. Yet, I relished in it, needing the icy reminder that I was still alive. I was still here and so was my Alice.

Now was the time to start moving my own plan into place. I would take down Wonderland piece by piece.

Nothing was going to stand in my way.

Nothing.

CHAPTER 11

ALICE

DR. COBURN SAT STARING at me, his eyes trying to read my thoughts and access my memories. I'd remained silent for the last hour, refusing to speak.

"Talk to me, Alice. You can't stay in that state forever."

My suspicions had given way to clarity over the last few days.

I knew he was sent to ruin me. I just wasn't certain to what extent he had gone to complete that task.

How fucked up in the head was I already?

Would I ever be able to recognize reality?

Were my thoughts so corrupt, I couldn't tell truth from fiction?

"Are you afraid of me, Alice?"

In a wavered whisper, I responded. "Yes."

He sighed and nodded a couple of times as he took that little bit of information in. "Good. Fear is good, Alice." His response both agitated and confused me. He was speaking in riddles again and I was slowly getting pissed off.

"Enjoy yourself while you can, Doctor. Your entertainment won't last much longer."

"You think I find entertainment in this?" he asked, bemused. "I'm far from *entertained*, little girl. I'm irritated and annoyed by these damned uncertainties!"

He slammed his notepad down on the floor and stood in a rare display of temper, his hands perched on his hips as he stared down his nose with a prideful sneer. "You go back and forth in this nonsensical world of yours. You choose fantasy whenever it suits your whim. Clarity when you want to

manipulate. Choose your path wisely, Alice, or stay in this fog-like state forever. I'm done helping you."

He was genuinely upset, like what he wanted all along didn't come to fruition. Was that where his frustration originated? Did he expect me to come out of this fog on my own?

I stared down at my chains, my mind spinning. "Wait!"

My cry stopped him in his tracks, halfway to the door. "Wait, please. Please don't go. Don't walk away." The desperation in my voice sounded too close to hysteria.

He turned to me then, his eyes full of a pain I hadn't quite yet experienced. "Will you talk to me?"

I nodded. Anything to have him stay. I didn't want to be alone. Not today.

"I'll speak."

He let out a low rumbling breath and came back to take his seat. Stooping, he retrieved the pen and notebook as our eyes met.

"I'm ready," I signaled at the camera and he took a long moment to think before he shook his head.

"This will be a private session today, Alice."

His jaw tightened slightly, and I knew something was wrong. If what I was thinking was true, then the Doctor was disobeying a direct order.

"What would you like me to talk about today?"

He watched my expressions and body language as an unspoken secret started to form between us. "Tell me more about your infamous Cat?"

"I don't want to talk about him." Enough of my time and energy had been spent on that vile creature.

"We need to find out who he is, Alice. *You* need to find out."

The urgency in his voice made me quiver. Could it be he was really trying to help me? Not sabotaging my success as I earlier thought?

"Do you think I'll ever get out of these chains, Zachary?"

His name felt unfamiliar and raw as it slipped from my lips. I wasn't used to saying it and he most definitely was not used to hearing it. His eyes met mine and then drifted down to my chains.

"I don't know yet, Alice. Only time will tell."

Sighing, I knew there was only one way back into my memories. They'd been tainted recently but I had an odd sense that it was done purposefully.

He signaled to the tea that sat before me and I watched him as he nodded. The tea. That was the sole cause of my distress, yet it was the only way to bring me back into my past. It was the most thorough way to retrieve the complete truth. Instinctively, I knew that this trip was going to be my last. The final pieces of the puzzle were falling into place.

As I picked up the teacup and brought it to my lips, I lifted the china in a mocking toast.

“And down the winding road I go . . .”

Sometimes it only takes one second
To change the hands of time
If only that second was spent with you
The darkness would surely die

AMBER SPARKLES GLISTEN ACROSS EVERY SURFACE AND TWINKLE IN HUES OF marigold, yellow, and warm honey. The heat of the sun bakes over every layer of my skin and sinks down deep, pooling internally as I feel each sunbeam breathe life into my shattered soul. My fingers spread wide as I lift my hands over my head and seek more of the luxurious comfort.

This moment is only fleeting. A cruel respite among the horrors of what is to come. I’ve been too long in Wonderland now not to expect that with each act of rare kindness there will be a thousand vicious and painful reminders that nothing endures but continual degradation.

There’s no balance here, no sense of moral aptitude. Right and wrong have no place in such a dark and miserable existence. I know this, and yet I dare to yearn for more.

If my Master ever knew of my internal desires, he would finish his threats and destroy me.

But I have a secret.

I’ve found my one tiny glimmer of hope in this unforgiving world.

A man whom I’ve only met once before.

My White Knight.

After our brief but sexually charged encounter, I didn't think that feeling the gentle touch of a man would exist ever again. He just seemed to care. Whatever the reason, I long to feel his fingers caress my skin again, his lips trace patterns of sensual delight as they trail along my body.

I've waited anxiously for him to come to me, wondering if I will ever see him again. Now here I am, waiting for another stranger whom I will need to please in order to appease my Master. I take my place on the floor, kneeling in the center of the room, readying myself for the man I am to serve today. Anxiety heightens the rush of blood in my veins and my body tenses at the sound of the door opening.

The presence that enters the room emanated strength, but I don't look at him since I've been trained to keep my eyes down. The clicking sounds of his heels echo on the marbled floor as a pair of deep brown leather shoes enter my vision. The shimmering flecks of golden metal glimmer against the light, and the way he flips the card through his fingers catches my eyes with the warm hues.

This room has no rules, no limits. It's the most coveted space in Wonderland. The only place where the souls of those who enter have the opportunity to seek any and every form of pleasure, no matter what kind of kink they desire.

"Eyes on me," he states, and that deep rumble sets my blood on fire. That voice, that sultry Gaelic timbre, I've heard it before.

Dark slacks fill my vision as I kneel voluntarily, submissive for the first time from personal desire. I forget everything as my eyes lock onto the man who smiles sensually and leans forward, his crisp white shirt already halfway unbuttoned as it teases the dark matting of hair on his tanned chest. He's different than the others. Kindness and compassion ooze from every pore in his body as he winks at me. Just like the night when he unstrapped my weak and tortured body from the cross, I am once again the sole witness to the heavy haze of lust in his dark eyes.

He'll touch me and bring my body to new heights of pleasure and passion. For once, I want this. I want to be asked and I want to give my consent. This time he'll receive as much pleasure as he gives because I feel the urge to worship him with my lips.

My White Knight has suddenly appeared, and I want him to know just how much he means to me, how much he's changed my world in the singular brief moment we shared. The few hours spent together were

fleeting yet they stayed with me, begging my soul to yield to that same feeling of comfort and safety.

"No, *mo stór*," he purrs in that deep baritone that I'm beginning to love, "you don't have to kneel. We aren't master and slave. It's just *us*, Alice. Just two people who want to share intimacy and a moment of tenderness."

My knees wobble at his words and I wonder how something so small can seem so huge.

Our bodies meet like two statically charged pulses of energy. His grip is almost painful as he grabs my upper arms and pulls me in close, his chest heaving. This connection between us is insane. It's so intense, nothing like I've ever known.

The faint scent of arousal permeates the room.

"Kiss me," I beg, lifting my head as his lips crush down on my own and a low growl erupts deep in his throat. The kiss is all-consuming. We're wild, our tongues tangling with one another as I feel my back press against a nearby wall. His mouth is claiming mine and tasting the need that's growing between us. Sparks fly by in the air and I see the amber and gold flecks of light darting around the room. Everything is so bright, so vibrant. A moan escapes as he leaves a trail of liquid heat slowly down my neck, stopping to nibble on my collarbone with his teeth.

How can one single kiss spark such incredible lust?

"I want to taste that sweet, pink pussy, Alice. I need to lick that delectable flower between your legs."

My head falls back against the wall as I process his words. Seconds later I'm lifted and brought to the golden sheets that drape across the king-size bed. I'm vaguely aware that he's stripping the clothes from my body until I'm naked and exposed, left completely at his mercy.

I open my legs wide as he rips the shirt from his body sending buttons flying in every direction. I take in the sculpted belt of muscle peeping out of his trousers which are hanging low as he removes his belt and tosses it above my head, where it lands with a slight bounce.

A dark shadow crosses his face as he lowers his stomach to the mattress. It's almost as if he's a beast, his eyes darkening and his expression feral with need. His features blur slightly, and I blink, wondering if I'm only imagining the way he resembles some kind of lecherous wolf.

My White Knight presses a light kiss above my mound and then hisses as his fingers spread me wide open for his perusal. My pussy is already wet,

slick with my arousal. He closes his eyes and inhales, his voice so deep and guttural I nearly miss his words.

“I’m going to devour you, my sweet Alice.”

I can’t prevent the impulse to run my fingers through his chestnut hair and glide through the curls, kneading his scalp as he flicks his tongue and brushes against my pussy while I jolt in his arms. My hips buck off the mattress and lift off the bed, eager to feel the rough texture as I push up against his face.

He smirks, flattening his tongue as he swipes from my puckered hole below, slowly upward until he’s teasing my clit. I sit up on my elbows, overcome with the need to stare at the handsome man between my legs. The honey and marigold hues of the room seem to flicker across his skin like the flames of firelight, bathing his muscled body and shaping every hard contour into perfection. His unhurried movements are captured as his biceps curl and flex.

A primal sound leaves his throat again as he swipes along my pink slit, alternating with light nibbles and gentle sucks on my clit. His lips purse around my throbbing bud as he sucks so hard, I see starbursts while he simultaneously eases a single finger inside me. I shift my hips and begin to move, rolling to a gentle rhythm in response. Another finger joins the first as he begins to slowly pump in and out. My arousal is obvious as my pussy sucks his fingers with every plunge and the wet sounds fill the air.

Each stroke of his expert touch is sending shockwaves of need into my core. I gasp and moan, grabbing at his hair, the sheets, and his shoulders as I writhe beneath him. Twisting and squirming, I fight the urge to cum right away. I want to prolong this moment and make it last. I can’t let it end too quickly.

I may never have the chance to be with my White Knight again.

He senses my thoughts as he pauses, and I groan. “Let go, *a mhuirnín*. This isn’t the end.”

Pressure is building, my body nearly shaking as I’m flooded with waves of heat. My body breaks out in a sweat as tight coils of need spiral outward. Lapping at my dripping slit, his tongue licking up the juices I can feel gushing from my tight pussy. I’ve never been so wet, so turned on.

I didn’t know it was possible.

My orgasm shatters my composure as I scream, gripping his arms as my head falls back and I let loose with a string of curses and mutterings that

don’t make sense. I lift off the mattress again, longing for every second that my pussy can stay in contact with his mouth. My walls tremble, shake, and clench hard around his fingers as he curls them upward, coming in contact with my g-spot. The touch sends my body into another round of pleasurable aftershocks and prolongs my release. I keep crying out, my hand covering my lips as I become conscious of all the noise I’m making.

He pulls my hand away and gently shakes his head. “No, I want to hear you, every moan, cry, and desperate wail. I want to hear how much my touch makes you lose control.”

My White Knight’s hands grip my hips and tug until I’m at the edge of the mattress. His fingers squeeze as he grins, staring down at my body like he wishes to devour every single inch. His tongue licks his lips as he thoroughly savors the juices from the skin.

“Are you going to fuck me?” I ask boldly, my pussy tingling with the thought.

He doesn’t answer as he reaches above me and lifts the belt, showing me his intentions as my eyes widen. “I like the idea of tying you up.”

“Do it,” I exhale, my heart racing with the sudden lust that encompasses my brain.

My wrists are clasped together as he wraps the belt around the soft flesh and then buckles it into place, pushing my arms above my head.

“Stay just like that. Don’t move. I want those thighs open, your sexy legs spread wide for me.”

His chest rises and falls rapidly as he blurs again and this time, I know I’m not imagining the feral glow to his eyes or the snarl that passes over his lips. He’s so hot to the touch, his skin is like fire. There’s a power that radiates from within him, a strength that reminds me of a regal wolf.

The moment of connection is ripped apart when I hear the voice of my Master.

He’s come to us.

My illusion of peace and comfort shatters as I realize I’m left wide open and perfectly positioned to be fucked . . . and not by the man I want.

“So, you want to be a hero?”

My Master’s voice drips with sarcasm and cruel intention. He knows what’s happened between us, it’s why he had him come to me. The cruelty of the moment brings tears to my eyes but they don’t fall. Not in front of him. Never again.

Leaning away, my White Knight clenches his jaw. “Is this why you called me here? Another one of your sick games?”

“You think you can sneak around behind my back and undo what I’ve worked so hard to mold. Alice is *mine*. I own her. I fuck her. I say when, where, and how her whore pussy is used. Not *you*,” he snarls, looking at my White Knight.

Hiding in the shadows, his presence is all the more terrifying. I don’t speak. It won’t matter. His rage will only result in punishment.

“You think I care for this little slut?” My White Knight says with anger. I only want to slide my dick into her until I cum. She’s simply a fuck toy. I can always find another.”

His words cut me to the core but when his fingers squeeze my thigh tightly twice in a row, I know he is saying the words to protect and keep me safe from the monster in the room.

“Fuck her,” my Master orders, “hard and ruthless. I want her cunt sore so when I take her later, she’ll remember her foolish choice.”

“You realize what will happen.”

“I do,” my Master confirms. “Do it!” His roar fills the space as I slam my eyes closed briefly and I feel my lover’s fingers swiping through my pussy and coating his dick. He doesn’t want to hurt me, yet the one man I’m supposed to trust is willing to kill me just to teach me a lesson.

“Thrust inside her now or see the consequences.”

I’m entered swiftly as the wide girth and thick cock of my Knight fills me completely. I stiffen, the pain ricocheting through my limbs, but I don’t say a word, just grit my teeth and pray that we’ll both make it through this alive. His teeth flash as his lips curl back in a snarl. He’s angry but it’s not with me. I know this, and yet I’m still partially afraid.

“Harder,” my Master commands, “faster.”

He’s getting off on this humiliation. It’s degrading.

My Knight yanks my hips closer and plunges himself to the hilt, thrusting hard, deep, and fast. He’s growling as his hands grip my body tightly and I feel something sharp scrape my skin. Blinking, I can’t believe it when I see his nails lengthen. Dark fur starts to grow on his chest and limbs as I begin to freak out. My hips buck as he fucks me as hard and brutally as the Master demands.

“That’s it. Lose control.”

My Knight shakes his head, his jaw clenching tight as it snaps shut. “No, I won’t do that to her.”

“She doesn’t know what you are, does she? As you change and transform inside her, you’ll tear that betraying pussy apart. She’ll think twice before she allows any man to touch her without my permission again.”

“No!” the Knight roars.

“Shift. I demand it!” The Master’s voice sounds maniacal as he laughs and I scream, the reality of the words sinking in.

“Shh, Alice,” my Knight soothes as I lift my hands and try to push him away.

I didn’t ask for this. I don’t want to be mauled to death.

My Knight’s face transforms and becomes the distinct shadow of a wolf, half man and half predator. His dark eyes take on a yellowish amber hue as he moves inside me. I’m transfixed, too shocked to move.

“I won’t hurt you!”

How can I believe his words?

My Knight is still plunging deep inside as he fights to keep control. I can sense his struggle as his release approaches. My own need spirals higher even as I’m being fucked by a beast.

“Don’t stop,” his voice resonates addressing the wolf. “Pass this test and I’ll let you stay in Wonderland.”

I don’t dare to look at my Master’s shadow, refusing to acknowledge his presence in the room.

“I know what you did. I told you that hero complex of yours was going to get you into trouble. I hate telling you I’m always right. If you want access to her pussy, you *will* obey.”

The Master was manipulating us both. He knew I wanted the Knight and he knew the Knight wanted me just as badly. He was torturing us and using our desires against us.

I quickly realize, the only way to survive is to follow his orders.

A lesson that’s repeated over and over again, no hope of escape.

My mind spins with every plunge of my White Knight’s cock. Colors swirl in front of my eyes and shift from one into the next as if they are wet paints on a canvas. My head turns from side to side as I become lost in the sensations, drugged by the intoxicating chaos of emotions churning within. The transition from dream to nightmare to reality keeps blurring.

His voice and commands become echoes, shifting my thoughts from that pleasured memory and back into the cold, hard, and the brutal reality of these four padded walls.

All I see is a prison.

What is real? What is fantasy?

CHAPTER 12

DOMINIC

I'VE BEEN a master of deception for quite some time now, it was how I'd been able to secure my role as the Queen's right hand. I'd gained her trust and with it, her protection, and her full support. All she really cared about was keeping Wonderland alive and she'd found me to make that happen.

Wonderland was a place where weak souls gathered, where they were broken and discarded after their use was exhausted. It was also a place where men with power could fulfill their deepest desires without fear of being found out. It was a dark playground, one that I had created, one in which I lived in. I thrived here and in return for my total and complete loyalty, I was given carte blanche. I could do whatever the fuck I wanted.

Nothing was forbidden.

Our dear Doctor was only a small piece in the grand scheme of things. If he thought he had any say in the process, he was dead wrong. On the contrary, I controlled every little aspect, especially when it came to Alice.

She'd been the most submissive of subjects, conditioned perfectly to become a part of Wonderland. Dozens of girls trusted her, dozens fell for her genuine heart. She trained and convinced them to come play, and oh, how they played. Gorgeous, erotic, sexy little nymphs that obeyed every order given.

But there was no one quite like Alice.

Millions of dollars would be paid to spend one night with her, my golden ticket. Her experiences were full of pleasurable acts that none of the other whores wanted to experience. Pain was all she ever knew of sex and her body could take anything that was demanded of it. I'd conditioned her

to the point where she'd orgasm from the touch of a leather strap or the mere slap of the paddle on my palm.

At one point, I'd given her access to a special guest and he'd nearly killed her. After that night, she was never left unsupervised. My little pain slut would simply ask for more without knowing her limits, and that I could not allow. These acts would eventually kill her, and I needed her alive for as long as possible.

I made it clear in the beginning to every man who entered, that in all of Wonderland, only I had any rights to her.

I was not about to let go of the reins. My entire life was about control. No single female would ever change that reality. Maybe that was partially why I beat her. She had burrowed under my skin and I didn't like the resulting weakness.

Alice had one thing I did not possess. Her power over men had been unfathomable, but her persuasion over other subjects was unmitigated. She was a fighter. Her will was still her own no matter how hard I tried to break and own it.

Unfortunately, my perfect subject had become tainted. I always knew that day would come, I just didn't expect such a fight or the extent of her rage. One wrong dosage of our little blue mushroom, and she'd woken from her drug induced state, ruining everything. Needless to say, Absolem paid for that little mistake. He'd woken my Alice up too soon and now her hatred towards Wonderland knew no bounds. Worse, she stopped playing our games. I couldn't allow her defiance. Her hatred towards me, I wouldn't stand. How she could possibly believe she could run away from me was beyond my reasoning.

There was no escaping Wonderland. There was no escaping *me*.

I needed to keep her close. I *needed* for her to stay with me.

My reach was infinite, and no one was going to ruin that for me. My power was absolute. Alice would yield.

Sitting in my black leather recliner, I awaited the live feed to commence. The one that would heavily line my pockets the same as every other session before this one. I'd been craving to see her again and the good doctor had kept her from me for far too long. He didn't know it, but that tiny, little, disobedient act would undoubtedly cost him.

I glanced at the clock and as the time approached, a devious smile curving my lips. Zachary was nothing but a fool. His loyalty was misplaced.

If he thought for even a moment that he wasn’t a pawn in a game much more sinister that he could ever imagine, he was dead wrong.

The Red Queen wouldn’t stand for his disobedience. The arrogant doctor assumed I had control over Wonderland, but he couldn’t be more deluded.

She was the one who dictated how this business was run and anyone who went up against the Queen soon found their head lopped from their idiotic shoulders.

In the end, it didn’t matter.

My mind focused as I watched the screen and checked my watch, narrowing my eyes at the delay. Hundreds of paying customers were waiting on our little Alice, delighted to peek at that tight little cunt as her slim fingers rubbed her clit and she masturbated on camera.

My cock stirred as I thought of my little minx and how perfect she was. These live feeds were just as much for me as it was for them. I yearned to watch her cum, delighted in her release. She played havoc on my senses. Those lechers would never touch her, never have her, not like me.

I knew just how tight and wet she was, how her walls clamped down on my dick when she came without consent. Her greedy little pussy was made for fucking. I knew that from the moment we met.

She was so innocent when I first saw her, so ready to be plucked like a ripe cherry from the tree.

I never could stay away from her. She was too tempting a morsel; too delicious not to defile in every perverted way.

The first time I sank into her cunt, I nearly came on the spot. There was something about the way she fought, how her spirit refused to completely break. She was beautifully defiant.

Perhaps that was why I wanted to keep her, why no other was quite the same. Well, except for the deliciously sexy pussy of Katrina Coburn, Zachary’s late wife.

Mrs. Coburn’s tight holes had taken all I could give and more, all the way up to the moment I choked her life from her body and came inside as she spasmed the last worthless inhalation of oxygen into her desperate lungs. It wasn’t the first time that I fucked a whore into death.

It probably wouldn’t be the last.

My dear Alice, though, she was special.

I didn’t desire her death, but I did demand her total and complete submission, much like the night I finally took her virginity. A moment I had captured on camera and watched to the point of obsession. She wasn’t aware of my plans nor was I one to inform her of them. I put that camera on live feed as I took her violently, her virgin’s blood staining the sheets. I could still hear her shrill screams as I fucked the soul out of her. There was nothing better than taking the only thing a woman valued as much as her maidenhead. That was where you gained control. That was when Alice’s purity was rendered to *me*.

I’d never made so much money on one exclusive video.

Fuck, just thinking back on it made me hard as my hand lowered and I shoved the zipper of my expensive slacks down, pulling out my cock and exhaling at the sensitivity. I’d been like this ever since that night and no matter how many cunts I fucked, none of them compared to Alice’s pussy.

Drops of pre-cum glistened on the tip as I began to stroke, practically begging for that live feed to come on. I needed my fix. Just like a junkie, I required my daily drug to function.

She didn’t know how I came to visit her in that damn asylum. Zachary was a clueless, stupid prick. He had no clue how I functioned. How every little detail was orchestrated exactly how I wanted it. He thought he had the upper hand, but I’d been watching. I’d visited her almost every night. Had slid my fingers through her slit and licked the juice between her legs more times that I could count. I’d done almost everything but fuck her.

For some reason, I was waiting. Maybe I wanted to build up the moment or maybe it was a twisted foreplay to entice her demons. A part of me wished she was still a virgin so I could take her like that again. I wanted to taste the salty tears on her cheeks as I rammed my dick inside her over and over again, holding her down as I fucked her for hours until she was raw.

Fuck.

The memory was making me excited. I could hardly stop my hips from thrusting upward.

“Alice. Alice,” I grunted, closing my eyes . . .

Aberrant memories made me forget where I was for just that instant and in my desperation, my thoughts wandered into Wonderland.

“Come with me,” I ordered, taking Alice’s outstretched hand.

Wonderland was my playground and finally I would have my chance to finish this drawn out dance of seduction I had started. Nearly every night she’d wandered in and out of the various rooms, had seen the levels of debauchery and sin, and yet I still hadn’t taken her. Tonight, I would be certain her innocence was mine.

The final room was private. No member of Wonderland had access except for me. This was my private sanctuary, my oasis of delights and sexual dominance. The camera was already set up and hidden, the angle perfectly centered on the bed.

Handcuffs had already been secured to the posts as various toys and tools of torment had been laid out and within easy reach. I swiped my card - a solid black like my soul - and entered my domain. Shoulders instantly squared back; I was no longer playing with my little perfect doll.

Oh, no.

Tonight, she would cease to be a tease. From this night on, I would take my pleasure as often as I wanted and needed. I may even keep her here for a few days until my lust had a chance to be quenched.

I was always like this with a new girl, some more so than others. I liked to break them in and make sure they understood their place. I had deflowered more virgins than the fucking pope baptized new Catholics. Chuckling lightly, I yanked Alice forward and brought her to the bed.

“Strip,” I ordered, turning and walking away.

I needed a moment to cool my reaction to her in this room or I’d end up pouncing on her and ruining the show. She gulped loudly but didn’t fight my order.

Good. It would be a shame to punish her before we started. Then again, I had a feeling she wouldn’t enjoy what would happen here tonight. The unexpected was frightening, the reality would be horrific. My cock ached with that knowledge.

Once I made sure the feed was live, I returned and stood in front of her, slowly undoing the tie at my neck and slipping it to the floor. My jacket was shrugged off next and I rolled up the sleeves on my shirt, watching as her nipples pebbled while she stood completely naked and at my mercy.

“Climb on the bed, face down, ass up.”

Alice’s eyes widened.

“Now,” I growled, excited that she might fight while we were on camera.

The perverts, masquerading in tailored suits and shrouded in expensive education, would enjoy the show as much as I would. Their gratification shining in the form of added zeros in my bank account.

She obeyed and I nearly groaned when I saw her pretty pussy exposed along with her other tight hole. I’d take both tonight. There would be no doubt in how I owned her or how my control was absolute.

I walked around the bed and selected a paddle from the group of objects spread out on my dresser. Climbing on the bed, I perched on my knees and slowly ran my hand over the curve of her ass, pausing to run a finger along her pussy but not penetrating. I’d be doing that soon enough.

Her thighs quivered as she trembled and I inhaled, almost able to breathe in her terror.

Fuck.

I was going to cum to that image again later.

Without warning, I lifted the wooden paddle and landed a sharp crack on her left cheek. Alice cried out and I immediately smacked the right. Her next cry was as loud as the first. Twisting it around in my hand, I winked at the camera and then launched a vicious strike against her pussy.

Alice screamed as a sinister chuckle left my lips.

“There’s more, my sweet, much more to come.”

She whimpered as I paddled her ass hard and sat back, enjoying the candy apple red marks on her perfectly smooth skin. Pale and ethereal, she would soon be covered in the marks that proved I owned her flesh.

I slipped from the bed and set the paddle down, picking up a quirt. The short whip was a favorite. I was almost giddy at the thought of using it on her supple and firm body. Young as she was, Alice was perfectly proportioned and sexy as fuck. Her curves drove me mad with lust and desire.

Alice didn’t know what to expect but I thought her shock was apparent when the quirt landed on the back of her thighs. The sting was brutal. It wasn’t long before she had vicious looking welts along those succulent thighs and along the curve of her ass. Shaking, she could hardly remain in position.

I sat down and tossed the whip back on the nightstand.

The moment of truth was approaching.

I would enjoy the fight she gave as she realized my intentions. My cock throbbed as I thought of the moment when she couldn't stop my dick from sinking deep into her cunt. I was torn. I wanted to leave her unbound so she could fight me off as I ravaged her body but a part of me also wanted to watch her strapped to the bed and the horror on her face as I fucked her for hours.

What to do?

I ended up stripping the rest of my clothes, leaving her in position as she breathed through the pain. Without a word, I grabbed her and flipped her onto her back, my large body pinning her down.

"Fight me, Alice, if you must. I'll be fucking you tonight, for as long and as hard as I want."

Fear filled her deep sapphire eyes and I nearly groaned aloud.

Reaching upward, I took the first leather bracelet and secured her left wrist. Then I grabbed the right and yanked it to where I needed her, causing Alice to cry out in alarm. Her legs began to kick as she struggled and I smiled, shaking my head.

"Do you want me to make this painful? I can, my dear. You dictate how rough or gentle I am. Submit, and I will take you as gently as possible. Fight, and I will fuck you like a savage." Leaning in, I licked the side of her face as she turned her head. "I do love a good fight. Either way, remember, my sweet, I *will* fuck you."

Using my bulk to keep her still, I secured both ankles in the same leather bracelets that were made specifically for this purpose. Once she was restrained, I sat back and fisted my cock, stroking as I feasted on her naked flesh. A deep flush had covered her cheeks, neck, and down her shoulders as she fought. Still struggling, she wiggled on the bed and whimpered when I leaned forward.

She tensed as she expected me to thrust into her hard and fast. But not yet. Not until I was ready.

"Open your eyes," I commanded.

She obeyed.

"Now, open your mouth wide, Alice. I want your tongue on my cock."

I climbed up the mattress and smacked the tip of my dick against her lips. Alice pursed her lips, disgust clear on her face. The anger coiled in my gut and I leaned down, gripping her throat tightly. Instinctively those lips

parted as I squeezed. “You will suck my cock and if you use your teeth, I’ll make sure you don’t have any left by morning.”

The threat heightened the experience and she obediently opened up her pretty mouth as I shoved the rigid length into it. Grabbing her hair, I forced my cock down her throat as she gagged, her throat muscles deliciously gripping my girth as they tried to swallow me whole. I began to move, thrusting my hips as a groan escaped my lips, watching her saliva drip down her chin. I had a sudden urge to watch her choke on my dick and I reached down, pinching her nose closed so she couldn’t breathe. My cock throbbed as I indulged in her struggling beneath me, her hips bucking, her legs kicking, I wanted to feel her nails along my back while I suffocated her. But I needed to curb my appetite. I wouldn’t be fucking a corpse tonight. No. I needed to make sure she stayed in Wonderland for as long as I could have her, until I had her obedience complete.

Pulling from her mouth, I allowed my new pet to take a breath. Growling, I crawled over her body as my hand slid between her legs.

“Aw, baby, you’re all wet for me.”

Alice wouldn’t meet my gaze and I laughed. Sinking down on my stomach, I had to taste her innocence just once before I fucked her and she was no longer a virgin. My fingers spread her wide open as I thrust my tongue into her eager cunt. My cock twitched as her cream coated my lips and I began to lick and suck at her flesh. Her sweetness was almost too much to handle.

I had to defile her, take her, thrust into her and make Alice *mine*.

My patience had met its limit.

Raising up on my knees, I took my dick in hand and slapped at her pussy a few times as she squirmed, a single word tumbling from her lips.

“Please.”

I was waiting for those words, hoping she would beg. I wanted her to beg, to plead with me to stop.

“Oh, Alice,” I chuckled, “you’re going to have to try harder than that.”

The fight in her eyes sparked my lust to new heights. “No!”

Her scream was exactly what I wanted. I thrust into her hard and fast, sinking all the way in, tearing through her body and its barrier without care or hesitation.

A bloodcurdling scream launched from her lips as she bucked and fought, crying and cursing my existence as I stayed perfectly still for a few

more seconds, enjoying that throb that made her core ache. I relished in her pain and then I began to fuck her violently. I could feel the trickle of fluid as I looked down at our connection. Gripping her thighs, I grunted as the sight of crimson mixed with cum that smeared my cock. My throbbing cock was stained red, proof that I was the first and only man to tear through her innocence. I swear, the knowledge was enough to make me spill my load before I sank back into her body. The thought was an instant aphrodisiac and I began my incessant pumping, my thighs smacking against hers as I rode her hard and fast.

Alice fought against the restraints as I slid my dick in and out, sweat dripping from my brow. I wanted to come but first I wanted to possess her ass. I'd taken one hole. I wanted them both.

I withdrew from her body as she panted, her expression full of hatred as she moaned in pain.

I grabbed her ankle and released the left as I flipped her over and quickly restrained her again.

Her ass was exposed. Red welts and light bruises marred the flesh and I grinned at the camera. I could almost hear the viewers begging me to fuck her tight hole.

I pulled her hips in my direction and thrust a finger into her ass. The ring of muscle was so tight, so unused that I tilted my head back and howled at the thought that I would fully break her in this night in every way.

Spitting onto my hand, I rubbed the saliva all over my cock and moaned aloud. I didn't do it for her. I simply wanted the pleasure of sliding in easier. Ignoring her cries of outrage as she wiggled and tried to break free, I added another finger. Pumping in and out, I slid in a third, stretching her out as she screamed and kicked without success.

"I'm going to fuck this tight little ass and not you or anyone will stop me." Wrapping my fist around her hair, I pulled her head back, pressing my lips against her ear. "You're mine now, Alice, and you won't ever forget it."

With the last word, I withdrew my fingers and spit again, coating her hole. Pulling her hips close, I held onto my cock and shoved the swollen tip inside of her ass. Her hole puckered and closed around me, and I watched as her back went rigid. I humped forward again and this time my whole length slid into her ass with a pop.

Alice wailed in agony without taking a breath as I pounded into her and more blood coated my dick. That crimson fluid was like waving a red flag in front of a bull. I couldn't get enough. I wanted to fuck her so long and hard that she bled for days and then I wanted to defile her again and repeat the whole damn process.

I was a man possessed and I loved that the whole thing was caught on camera.

Leaning down, I kept moving, sliding in and out as she gripped the sheets and I laughed as my fingers reached around her body and found her sopping wet cunt. She was getting off on the pain. The innocent little virgin was now my wild fucking whore.

I loved her reaction, even if her body was betraying her.

I didn't care.

"Cum, Alice."

She was still screaming as I picked up the pace and pounded her harder.

"Give it to me. Now!" I roared as I rubbed her clit and her body jerked.

I pulled from her ass and thrust into her pussy again. I couldn't help it. I needed to feel her cunt as she came. Her walls clamped down on my cock only a few thrusts later and Alice fought her orgasm. Her body wouldn't allow it as she shuddered, and her release coated my dick.

"Fuck, yes!" I yelled, my hand enclosing her throat and squeezing tight.

My own release was close. I clenched her neck hard enough to hear her sputter and choke as she tried to turn her head, but I had a tight hold and didn't let go. Moments before she would have collapsed, I exploded and shot her full of my cum, spilling into her wet and eager pussy as her body spasmed.

Dark laughter spilled from between my lips as I left my little fuckdoll exactly where I wanted her and slid from the bed. Heading to the cameras to switch off the show temporarily, I winked and told the viewers to stay tuned. Round two would begin soon . . .

MY BREATH WAS LABORED AS I SLOWLY CAME BACK FROM THE MEMORY. My hand was fisting my cock as I stroked harder and nearly erupted. My body jerked and I wished there was another virgin in Wonderland so I could

reenact the whole scenario again. Sweating, I pumped my dick faster and gave myself over to the pleasure. A few seconds later I approached release, but nothing was happening. Much like the last few weeks, my body surfed the edge of orgasm but was unable to complete the act. I pumped my shaft a few more minutes but grew frustrated by the inability to finish what I started without physically having her pussy in front of my face.

Breathing heavily, I sat back in my chair and stared at the blank screen.

The live feed wasn't on. In fact, it had never started.

I sat up, shoving my dick into my pants and pulling up the zipper, pissed that she somehow managed to control my body. It wasn't a new sensation. She'd been my weakness from the beginning. But I wasn't going to let my Wonderland be defiled by a seductive blue-eyed whore and a stupid doctor. This was mine to protect.

The doctor was playing a dangerous game.

He knew there were consequences for disobeying my commands. Hadn't I proved that already? Wasn't his wife's death enough to convince the bastard that he needed to follow instructions?

Zachary was entirely too independent.

Time for another lesson.

CHAPTER 13

ALICE

“HELLO, ALICE.”

My eyes open wide at the sound of his voice. The Master.

The man who is currently pounding away inside of me, my White Knight, is now a distorted image. It’s not clear. There’s too much interference. Shadows blur before me. The body is too wide and overpowering, drowning out the right memory. An imperfect echo.

The man in my arms is gently pushing me back against the mattress, my body reacting to his powerful strokes as I moan. He fucks me harder, his chestnut waves falling across his brown, apologetic eyes that hold me in place, pinning me beneath his muscular frame. The words *I’m sorry, lómhar* coil around my limbs and I scream as he comes inside of me, thrusting hard as he claims my pussy while his fingers clench my right hand.

A conniving laughter rises in the room.

“Do you remember me, Alice? I’m sure you do. I don’t think you could ever forget me.”

A man’s face emerges, his features slowly becoming clearer.

The master’s been playing with me, with *us*, all along.

There’s no escaping his claws.

“Why did you leave me, Alice?” His words drip with evil promise. “You knew the consequences. You should never have left.”

I turn my head to the side and from the shadows, the Cat approaches. I watch, wide-eyed and horrified as light is cast on his pristine, midnight blue suit. The stripes cut diagonally on his expensive tie as his sneer comes into focus.

One more step closer to the end.

“You should have listened, Alice.”

Before this moment, I struggled with my Master’s true identity. As the fog of Wonderland begins to clear, that mystery slowly ends, bringing with it a name. Dominic Chartreaux. The sight of my nightmare inducing Master makes me flinch and I lay there quietly assessing his intentions. His lean, sharp features, dark amber eyes, and black hair the color of his suit is forever etched into my memory. Along his upper lip runs a gnarled scar that trails upward along his cheekbone. The cruel twist to his grin freezes me on the spot.

Fantasy merges into reality and perfect clarity.

The truth is finally exposed.

My White Knight had disappeared, and I lay strewn in my hospital attire, strapped to the same mattress where I’d been forced to fuck just a few minutes ago. Dominic moved in circles around the edge of the bed as the strange echo began to fade.

“Why do you enjoy playing games with me, Alice? It’s not fair after everything I’ve given you, everything I’ve taught you.”

He’d taught me plenty. I’d never get that innocence back.

I wasn’t sure why, but my apprehension grew and so did my anxiety the longer he remained silent. My mind was fighting between reality and Wonderland, but deep inside I wasn’t sure if I wanted to wake up. I tried thinking back to Wonderland, but I was only able to remember little glimpses of the colorful rooms, the pristine decor, and those glittering cards that seemed to be the way into a magical realm. Yet, I knew Wonderland wasn’t what it seemed at the time. I was shocked to close my eyes and see glimpses of crumbling walls, punishment, and blood. There was something evil embedded in that place and it had everything to do with Dominic Chartreaux.

“Let me go. *Please*. I don’t want to be here anymore.”

“*Tsk, Tsk.* That’s impossible, Alice.” Slamming his fists down on the mattress as he loomed over me, impossibly large and menacing, he hissed his words. “You know too much.”

Shaking my head, my eyes opened wide as if I were still trying to take in what I was seeing. The golden rays that illuminated the room slowly started to dissipate, swirling in grays and a dimly familiar white padded wall.

No, it couldn't be.

Goosebumps populated up and down my arms as his voice continued to taunt me, suggesting there was no escape. The more I watched him, the more his familiarity plagued and tormented my psyche.

Eyes wide, body tense, I watched him as I willed myself to remember the final pieces of this demented and unending puzzle. That was the moment everything clicked. The first real flash of the past became crystal clear. We were standing in his office and I was screaming at Dominic. We were having an argument and I felt a tinge of loneliness in that moment. Despair and betrayal like I'd never known before.

"You lied to me!"

"What are you talking about, Alice?" His calm demeanor only angered me more.

"Where are they? Where are the girls?" I demanded, no longer willing or able to believe his frequent lies.

"Like good pets, we've found them new homes."

"They're not animals!"

I lunged at him but one of his men grabbed my body, lifting me as I kicked in the air, scratching at his arms as I tried to get my hands on Dominic.

"Murderer!"

He smiled cruelly and gestured for the man to release his grip on me as my knees dropped to the floor. I was still held back by my upper arms, seething in disgust with the man I once thought was my whole world. The truth of Wonderland was revolting. Nothing but a cage of deplorable acts and mazes where the naive became lost and were never found. Including myself.

"You're disgusting."

"I don't know where you're getting all these stories. The girls are with their masters where they belong. Wherever your imagination has taken them doesn't exist." He signaled to the man behind me. "Go grab Absolem, I think Alice needs a bit of a reminder as to where she stands."

"No! No!"

Another flash assaulted my senses, this time I was on all fours, ass in the air. The sting of a paddle made me cry out as a blinking red light signaled that I was being watched. A tongue lapped at my core while another man bit my neck, my body a playground for them to do whatever they wanted. In the center stood Dominic, naked and hard as he watched, stroking his cock. My body lit up at pleasing my Master.

I screamed, as yet another flash had me speaking with a young girl with golden blonde hair.

"I don't want to be here. This doesn't feel right," she whined.

"Everything will be fine, Celina. But we have to go through these tasks to be accepted into Wonderland. Here," I handed her a small blue mushroom. "Take this, it will help you relax. You're too tense and your new master is waiting."

"I don't know, Alice."

I stared blankly at her distressed features, knowing this was something all the girls went through when they first started. This was Celina's first encounter, her first experience in Wonderland. All I could do was hold her hand and wait. Some girls returned to me and others would find their true masters and leave. It was the way things were run; our control nonexistent.

"I'll be right here," I reassured her as I took the mushroom from her fingers and placed it close to her lips. She closed her eyes as her tongue received it and within seconds, she was walking into one of the rooms. She'd be prepared for the standards her new master demanded. If he enjoyed her, I'd never see her again, but she didn't need to know that, and I didn't need to know who he was either.

As she entered the red room, there was a man in the rear by the exit. His back was turned so I couldn't make out his features. My eyes fell on the red card on the table, and the crimson glint of a sharp metallic object as the door swung shut. Glimpses of who these men were, that was all I ever managed to see . . .

I was torn away from the memory as another voice cut through the quick succession of startling images.

"Alice. Alice can you hear me?"

A soft whispered voice snagged my attention along with the gentle touch that accompanied it. A familiar pressure warmed my cool, trembling fingers. I stared down at my hands as the memory slowly dissipated and left

me stranded in the padded bedroom I'd currently been living in since my arrival.

"Alice, come back to me. Follow my voice, let it guide you back to the present."

"The good doctor seems to know exactly what you need, Alice. Maybe you should listen to him this once." Dominic's voice cut through and I flinched.

"Wake up, Alice! Get out of her head!"

Zachary's voice confused me, and I raised my hands to cover my ears, screaming with the fatigue, horror, and vicious knowledge of the truth and all the horrible memories.

"Stop!"

Dominic's voice echoed around us. "Either come back willingly or face the consequences. Your little doctor will also pay for what he's done so don't think he can protect you anymore."

My eyes lifted and there he was with those familiar green eyes, his permanently apprehensive frown so evident on his weathered face. Zachary was kneeling before me, his hands holding mine, the chains linking my wrists together.

His focus was solely on my wellbeing. "Alice?"

"Why did you leave me, Alice?" Dominic's voice overlapped Zachary's and I looked around wildly, the speaker above our head signaling where the voice was originating from.

I started shaking, grabbing onto Zachary's hands in pure terror. "What's happening?"

"He came to pay you a visit."

"The Cat," I whispered.

Zachary brushed a strand of hair from my cheek and nodded. "The Cat," he confirmed.

"Do. Not. Touch. Her."

Zachary stood, circling the room as his fists lifted into the air. "You had no right!"

"I have every right, or did you forget that every soul who comes into Wonderland belongs to the Queen and to me." His cynical chuckle reverberated through the halls.

"I never left," I whispered starting to rock back and forth. "The blood. It was real."

“Yes, Alice,” Zachary confirmed. “It’s all real.”

The wild screech that emanated from deep within ripped from my soul. I was like a wild animal wanting to escape captivity as I flailed against my chains. Zachary came back instantly and placed his hands on my wrists, trying to force me to calm down.

“Don’t give him that satisfaction of witnessing your distress,” he stated angrily.

His order made me freeze instantly. My body obeyed before my mind caught up. I was conditioned perfectly, easily trained and coerced to do whatever they wanted. I pulled back, yanking my hands out of his grasp. “Don’t tell me what to do!”

Laughter reached out to us through the speaker. “She’s a feisty one, isn’t she, Doctor?”

“I’m going to kill you when I get out of here,” I threatened.

“Haven’t you done enough harm already, Alice?”

“What?” My eyes met Zachary’s, questioning him on what Dominic was talking about. He knew more than he let on. He always did. But he never said a word. And for a second, I hated him a little.

“Don’t you remember, Alice? Don’t you remember what you did?”

“That’s enough!” Zachary bellowed and stormed out of the room, leaving me utterly alone.

The sound of Dominic’s eerie laugh surrounded me on all sides. “I’ll be back, Alice. And when we meet next, you and I will have our little talk.”

I waited to see if something would happen. If another word would be spoken, but the silence consumed me as it lingered for long minutes that morphed into hours.

No one came in. No one checked to see if I was still alive.

As I lay back against the lonely chair, I knew I was destined to remain this way indefinitely.

CHAPTER 14

ALICE

MY HEART POUNDS as I spin around in a circle, my breaths coming in harsh and quick gasps. I'm afraid as I take in the dark alley and broken street lamps. There's barely any light as I peer cautiously into the darkness. Shards of glass are scattered across the pavement as I stand in bare feet, blood dripping from my fingertips while my entire body shudders. A chill breeze blows the silky white negligee around my slender body and blasts droplets of icy water into the spaces that are ripped open against my skin.

I have no idea why I'm here.

Gazing around, I hear the unmistakable hiss of a small animal. As the noise grows louder, so does the dark shadow it casts against the brick wall. Stumbling back, I scream as the animal moves forward, large and menacing, determined to cause harm. At first, all I see is shiny dark fur but then the features of the cat become visible. Silvery whiskers twitch against a pink nose as the feline stretches and then turns my way. I catch the greenish yellow gloss of his eyes as they focus on my presence. One paw lifts as sharp claws catch the meager light.

He hisses again and leaps forward as I scream again and spin, my eyes darting across dark corners, looking for a quick escape. My mind is frantic to flee from the danger and I run down the alley, slipping and sliding on the mucky water and drains. Up ahead is a door, and I yank it open, darting inside as the loud thumping of bass music beats against my chest. The cat howls behind me and I run through the crowd of dancing and gyrating bodies, fearful I'll be caught by those sharp claws.

I run towards a black metal door, the brick building behind it casting me into darkness. Yanking at it desperately it finally gives, sending me

sprawling into a brightly lit room. People are scattered about the interior as they engage in various sex acts. My eyes roam over the males and quickly dismiss them but it's the look on the girls' faces that draw my attention. Their eyes are glassy, losing focus as they zone out. Many grimace in pain or look down to the ground meekly. Each and every one is being fucked mercilessly.

A couple to my left is fucking one of the girls, she lies limp as a trail of blood drips from her breasts. The man fucking her from above glides his fingers through the red stains, creating a crimson path right to her slit. He just laughs as he smears the blood onto her clit and his cock, her vacant eyes staring up at the ceiling.

Horrified, I search for an exit. A red light beckons from across the room and I head in that direction, hoping to lose the animal that's chasing me. I dive deeper and deeper into the dark recesses of this building. Running through another door, I'm plunged into a dark crimson bedroom, the faded scarlet wallpaper is stained, long ago losing its luster. Faint roses are scattered across the torn surface.

To my left, there's a girl being hauled onto a wooden cross, the man behind her is strapping her down as she resists, only to slam his cock deep inside her as she wails and begs for him to stop. A moment later, her once bright eyes are now a dull gray as they stare back in my direction while he continues to thrust into the woman's useless body. The sight of blood drips from her thighs and the glimmer of a blade catches my eye. I move forward and realize there are deep gashes on her thighs. The woman is beyond gone; she's been drained of life as he continues to soil her body.

I scream and turn to run, only to stumble across another girl nearly choked as her master shoves his dick so far down her throat and holds her still that she's fighting to breathe. The pain is etched into her features as I gag, shocked to find such brutality.

His dominance and cruelty don't end there.

The man drags the girl to a table and flings her down on her stomach, forcing her legs apart before he shoves his dick deep into her ass, causing her screams to fill the room as the other men laugh and cheer him on.

Blood. So much blood. It coats everything.

I know why this room is scarlet.

The horror of the truth is too much. I scream as I hear a hiss and a claw swipes next to my head.

Running from the red room, I bolt forward and enter the next.

Turquoise blue lights trickle down from above and bathe the bodies of everyone inside in a cerulean tint. There's a stage placed in the center of the room. A man and a woman are fucking as men watch and jerk off to the wild display. A surge of water floods the stage and I hear the girl's wrangled cry as the sharp jet hits her spine. The man pulls his tie away and slides it around the woman's throat as he shoves her naked form into the water. She's fighting him but he doesn't relent. He forces her down on all fours and thrusts his dick inside her pussy, pulling the tie so there's no slack. Her face is turned upward as the water rushes into her mouth and nose. Her hands reach upward as he repeatedly smacks them away and fucks her harder, leaving her submerged in the water as the tie keeps her head tilted back. She sputters, chokes, and claws at the tie but the man is brutal, pounding into her relentlessly for so long I fear she's going to pass out or die. He eventually comes hard and releases her as she collapses, her body convulsing as another man takes his place and possesses her ass, fucking her like a lifeless doll while she stares out into nothingness, not even caring.

I'm in shock as I turn from the stage and see yet another young woman strapped down on a bench as three men start a machine with a dildo attached. It enters her pussy and fucks her as she screams, the men stroking their cocks to her wild cries and struggles. They force her to lay back and take turns with her mouth, inserting fingers and objects into her ass as her voice grows hoarse from their cruel treatment. I catch a glimpse of her face and stumble backward when I can see the agony that combines with her tears. She cries the entire time as the machine fucks her raw.

I can't take anymore.

I bump against a hard surface and a shrill hiss echoes in my ear as something holds me trapped in its grasp. I struggle desperately against its grip, crying out as a claw slices through the flesh of my arm. Dark laughter echoes from a loudspeaker, a far-off sound that follows me as I cover my arm and run from the room, droplets of my blood making a crimson trail that's easy to follow.

The hall is dark and gloomy but so is my soul.

Wonderland is now and will forever remain very present in my reality. It's a depraved hell, a haven for sexual degradation and sin. A sex ring where women are taken, used, and abused for as long as they can last. Their

bodies thrown away without anyone knowing, without anyone caring for their sad fate.

The hissing echoes behind me and I spin, facing the maniacal cat that looms larger than life, growing steadily until he turns into the face of my own personal nightmare, Dominic Chartreuse.

Screaming, I hold up my hands as he launches forward, ready to tear me to shreds . . .

I STRUGGLED AGAINST THE RESTRAINTS THAT KEPT ME TRAPPED AND TIED TO this godforsaken place. It was a death trap, a place where men paid in order to claim their darkest fantasies. I recalled how every room in Wonderland had a specific meaning and purpose. The faint memory of auctions where women were bid on and sold was clear in my head as I helped them dress and told those young girls what they needed to hear before they stood up on the stages. Keycards were coveted in Wonderland, where men paid millions of dollars just to gain access to a room where they'd be given total freedom in their debauchery. Only the most elite would gain access to the most desired and expensive areas. One in particular. The *Gold Room.*

A room that solely belonged to Dominic Chartreaux. A room I knew only too well.

Flashes and visions of the other girls, the relentless sex, the forced submission, and my own degradation filled my head until I couldn't take it anymore. My fingers pressed into my temples and I tried to block the memories, but they wouldn't be contained any longer. Surfacing with a vengeance, they consumed and dominated until all I could do was scream and beg for it all to stop.

I flailed, my limbs flinging in all directions as I kicked and squirmed. I cried out, shouting the truth to anyone who would listen. If anyone *would* listen in this house of horrors.

"They're all being raped and tortured! Wonderland will kill them all!"

I called for the only person I knew who could help me. I screamed for him, praying he would answer and end this hell. The torment was too much. The trauma must have been severe enough to cause a reaction. My body convulsed, trembling with the pain and horror. Those girls were all dead. I

knew they would be replaced easily as new girls were forced to perform and fuck for their corrupt masters. The cycle would never end.

My mind was lost. I fell into a dark hole, an endless abyss where the memories of every girl, every rape, every murder, and every cover up was perpetuated over and over again.

Screams continued to launch from my throat as I cursed Dominic, Absolem, and everyone in Wonderland. There was one more just as responsible for my suffering. One man whose secrets and lies hurt so deeply I may never forgive him.

I fought my restraints for what felt like hours, pulling and yanking on the chains as they rattled. My mind was so confused I couldn't tell if I was still dreaming or wide-awake.

God, I hope this is a dream. Please let this all be a dream.

A hand clamped over my mouth, a hard-muscled body pressing enticingly against my own.

My fear slowly subsided and was replaced by sudden heat. Strong hands were running up my body, caressing me softly, almost soothing my aches. I fought against the hands for a moment, afraid that it may be another lie. My legs spread on their own accord as fingers caressed my sex. I sighed and undulated at the intense pleasure slowly heating up in my core.

Terrified, my body jolted into awareness as the nightmare began to fade. Shaking and covered in sweat, I blinked as my eyes focused at first on the ceiling of the padded room, then at the shadow looming over me. His eyes rose to mine, and I was now staring at the man bold enough to enter my room and touch me with such familiarity.

My betrayer.

CHAPTER 15

ZACHARY

DOMINIC HAD no right to do that, to repeatedly infiltrate her dreams and terrify her over and over again. When I made it to the observation deck, he was already waiting for me to arrive as he leaned back in the leather chair, his last words to Alice resonating throughout the facility as the speaker echoed with cold finality.

"You had no right!" I shouted, consumed with rage.

"Why do I find that I am constantly repeating myself around you?" He was a menacing shadow as he slowly stood and walked towards me. "I warned you, Zachary, and you disobeyed a direct order!"

Fuck you, I wanted to yell, trembling with fury.

I knew what I'd done was inconceivable in Wonderland. He'd probably lost millions of dollars from the lack of presentation I'd given when I skipped the live performance by Alice. But deep inside there was a voice in my head that laughed with glee, because that side of me was getting a slight bit of vengeance.

If only he knew, this was just the beginning.

My attention wavered back to Dominic who was now stepping closer until we were toe to toe. "My patience is wearing thin. I know exactly what you've been doing, Zachary, or did you think your masturbation sessions with my slave wouldn't be noticed?"

I stared directly at him as I refused to comment, anger heating up my insides.

"I have eyes everywhere, *Doctor*. And the little birdies like to talk to me."

Fucking orderlies.

I managed to keep a straight face as he spoke, his own scarred visage a mere few inches from mine. *Disgusting fucker.*

“Be careful, Zachary. We wouldn’t want what happened to your pretty wife to happen to Alice. Because it will. If you don’t keep her in Wonderland, I’ll ground her spirit here forever.”

My fists clenched at my sides as I met his stare head on. He was instigating me, forcing my acceptance. The son of a bitch lived for the day that I’d throw the first punch so that he could go run and tell his precious Queen. Our hatred for one another was mutual, and it was clashing tonight in dark, unpredictable waves.

“Get out of my facility.”

He smirked, knowing he’d pushed my buttons and succeeded in making his point. “This place may be where you work, Doctor. But I own it, just like I own everything in it, including you and my sweet, sweet Alice.”

Clamping his hand down on my shoulder, he squeezed just enough for me to flinch inwardly. “Tread carefully, Doctor, wouldn’t want the madness to consume you too.”

If he only understood where the true madness originated . . .

With his task complete, Dominic walked out, leaving me staring out at a lost raven-haired girl who looked like her world had just been destroyed yet again.

DOMINIC’S VISIT WAS UNEXPECTED, AND HIS THREAT WAS REAL WHICH meant I needed to act fast. Alice was finally coming to her senses. It had been a brutal awakening for her, but one she needed to see for herself, the reality of the place she once loved. I couldn’t help her separate fact from fiction or make out the truth of the things she had witnessed because I was never there to experience what she did.

My nightmares were a different breed altogether. Both of us were lost in the past. Two souls connected to one place, led by completely different circumstances but we found each other here in the midst of chaos. In this desolate world, seeking what we could find in another dark soul, we found a place to escape, even for a moment from our torment.

I was humbled that she trusted me and let me glimpse the beautiful soul she buried deep inside.

Alice wasn't a person who confided her feelings. Many years of pain and trauma assured her protective nature and withdrawal. She was numb and troubled. There was no room to open her heart and love just yet, but she would learn quickly that my love for her was enough for the both of us.

Until she was ready, I would carry us both.

Soon she would understand that the ability to love came with time. And the fact that she would only love me, well, that would come easy. Perhaps that was arrogant, but I knew I possessed her heart in a way no other had. All I had to do was convince her that she already knew what she wanted. *Me*.

My thoughts were interrupted by a loud commotion outside in the hallway.

I flung the door open as it landed with a crack against the wall and plaster fell to the floor. My panic was real as I looked around for the source of the chaos. Screams echoed down the hall as I rushed down the empty corridors. I'd dismissed everyone earlier, claiming it was orders from our Dominic Chartreaux who had paid us a visit. The damn orderlies seemed happy enough and left right away, leaving me alone with my girl. My heart beat quickly as I ran through one dark, abandoned hallway and down another, needing to reach her, to see my beloved Alice.

There was no plan in my head. Nothing was premeditated. I wasn't sure what was going to happen tonight, but it was time we had a heart to heart.

Her scream startled me as it was followed by a low painful howl that was unmistakable in its gut-wrenching pain. That noise emanated from my pretty, wounded patient.

So broken.

Don't worry, Alice, it will all be over soon.

I froze for a moment at her door, my hand shaking on the doorknob. Adrenaline spiked in my veins as I instinctively knew opening this door would forever change me. Taking a calming breath, I hesitated, knowing that what was to come meant I might never see her again. It was a risk I had to take.

Yanking the door open, I sucked in another breath as she was silhouetted by the full moon's pale violet light. Her hair was strewn all over the white bed pillows, her frame shaking and fighting another unsaid

monster from her nightmares as her hands shook the chains, rattling against the metal railing of her bed. I hated seeing her like this, it ate away the remnants of my sanity when I watched her suffer. Yet, somewhere deep within the recesses of my brain, the thought that she'd view me as her savior made my cock hard with longing. Sometimes I wondered if I was truly mad or if my dark desires ruled over my moral and professional obligations.

I crawled onto the bed, my hand gently covering her screams as she shook beneath me and the wildness in her eyes began to recede. It was the first time I'd felt her body pressed up against mine without any barrier of professional restraint and my own came alive. If I was to do what I had to tonight, then I'd make sure she'd never forget me. I'd leave her with the stain of our passion and our mutual suffering, our raw and agonizing need to find fulfillment in one another. I wanted her to scream, cry, moan, and chant my name until it was etched so deeply into her heart that no other could ever take my place.

"Alice. Wake up, Alice," I hissed against my hand, feeling her soft puffs of breath against my fingers. The power that radiated from the ability to snuff out her life or allow her to continue breathing was both alarming and intoxicating. I had no desire to harm her but having that control was like an aphrodisiac. My body tensed with need.

I wanted to claim her for my own.

She moaned and slightly shifted, pushing her body up against mine. In my attempt to stop the madness around us, she was slowly engulfing me into it as I shared in her dark reality. Or maybe they were fantasies. The lines between fact and fiction were entirely too blurry.

"Alice," I growled as her thighs spread and her legs circled my waist. My cock stretched out in eagerness and closing my eyes, I dipped my hips, settling into the cradle of her heat.

Fuck.

Removing my hand, I watched her, her screams now calming from my touch. Her eyes were still closed but her nightmares had shifted into something else. I wondered what made her eyelids flutter as her lips parted and she arched her back, her core pressing up against my hard length. The dream was now erotic as she writhed beneath me, rolling her hips over my girth and I was enjoying every goddamn minute of it.

“Alice,” I breathed against her lips, desperate for her to initiate contact. Her tongue brushed against my mouth, making me groan in need.

She was about to learn what it meant to play games with me.

Crawling down her body, I growled at the sight of her bare legs. She wore white hospital underwear that were sheer and outlined her pussy lips. I dragged my fingers across her sex, grinning at how wet she was in her semi-conscious state. The underwear did nothing to hide her from me and yet I was angry that it existed as a barrier, preventing me from feeling her soft silky center. Gripping the waistline, I yanked them down and off, losing them somewhere along her left ankle.

My cock throbbed as I breathed faster, my need skyrocketing as she was bared. I spread her thighs and dove in between her legs, pressing my nose against her core as I inhaled her. Once again, that scent of lavender that lingered on her body drove me mad with lust. Taking a moment, I finally fulfilled my longstanding fantasy. She needed to be awakened, but tonight it would be with my mouth.

Flattening my tongue, I lapped at her slick center ever so slowly, relishing in the taste of her sweet pussy. I moved my tongue lower and slipped it into her heated hole, just before curling it along her hardening clit. The sound of the rattling chains echoed in my ears as her body tensed. I looked up, her eyes were wide open, staring up at the ceiling.

Was she frightened? Did she think it was a dream?

Say my name, Alice, I begged in my thoughts, *please say it. Show me you need me as much as I need you.*

I licked at her again, this time squeezing her thighs as she whimpered and tried to close her legs. I growled, angry that she’d want to steal this away from me. From *us*. I pushed down on her thighs, biting lightly on her clit, eliciting the scream I wanted to hear, the acceptance that I needed and craved.

This wasn’t about control, not really. I wanted her to know that I would bring her pleasure, that I worshipped her body. She needed to understand that our choices now defined our reality for a long time to come.

“Good girl,” I growled as she relaxed. Her soft moan was a delectable reward, almost as tasty as the pink prize between her legs. I feasted on her hardening clit, nibbling the swollen flesh. Her thighs shook deliciously as her body lifted and convulsed in desire. I sunk a finger into her depths and raised my head, letting her see me for the first time as I slowly fucked in

and out of her sopping pussy. Her gasp was filled with shock and need as her hips rotated on my hand. I pushed my fingers in and out, loving the sucking sensation of her grip.

“Zachary,” she finally moaned as I flicked my thumb against her clit. Her hips kept moving in a sultry, erotic rhythm as I had my way with her, fulfilling every dark fantasy I’d had for months.

A deep rumble rose up my chest and out of my throat as I withdrew my fingers and ripped her flimsy nightgown, breaking the thin strap and releasing a full rosy-peaked breast. She cried out as I lapped at the tightening bud and bit down on the hardened peak, laving her areola right before I sucked at the protruding nipple. I wanted to kiss and fondle every inch of her body before I took her completely.

“You’re mine, Alice,” I murmured as I ripped her gown further down her body. Yanking at the fabric until I was tearing it down the middle, I left the remnants hanging from her chains as I took my fill of her with my hungry gaze. My hands lifted as I outlined her body, slowly brushing over all her soft curves and heated crevices. Her tummy dipped as I trailed my fingertips along her lower abs. She stifled a whimper and I frowned, wanting to hear her beg for my touch and my cock.

I slid down between her shapely legs and nipped at the soft flesh of her inner thighs before I moved inward. She hissed and jumped, moaning my name as I lapped at her core once again.

“So wet you are for me, Alice. Have you been needing your Doctor?”

“Yes, Doctor!” she cried out as I sucked on her clit, dragging my teeth and tugging on the swollen bud, knowing she liked this type of mild pain.

“Cum for me, Alice. I want you to cum for me.”

I sucked and finger fucked her slowly, torturing the pleasure out of her. She stifled her moans once again, and I could feel the tension and uncertainty in her body. I needed her to let go, to trust me to bring her closure and completion, but if she didn’t, I was still going to take what belonged to me. I’d waited far too long.

“Cum for me goddammit!”

She clamped her thighs over my ears, her pussy shuddering as I stroked it. “No!” She moaned as she raised her hips, trying to shove me away.

I roared as her hips bucked, throwing me off her supple body. “You will cum for me!”

“I hate you!”

The words stung and inflamed both my anger and my lust. “You can hate me all you want, Alice,” I growled, “but all I ever did was love you.”

“Love!” She laughed cynically. “You don’t deceive those you love. You lied to me!” Her scream was a broken sob. “You lied and you made me believe you cared!”

My entire body stiffened with her accusations.

“I do fucking care!” I leapt off the bed, running a hand through my hair, struggling with all the emotions that flooded my soul. “I’ve never cared about anyone as much as I do about you right now!”

Not even my Katrina.

“Bullshit! You’re full of shit! I’ll never love you! I can never love someone I don’t trust!”

She struggled against her chains and I was lost for a moment before I realized nothing that she was yelling was true. She was hurt. The pain in her eyes mirrored her tortured soul.

“That’s the pain talking, Alice,” I whispered, unsure if she heard me.

I watched with eagerness as her body twisted and turned against her restraints, pulling with desperation. This wasn’t a fight against me as much as it was against her confinement. I knew that now. She longed to be free and I would allow it very soon. I would release her, beautiful tormented creature that she was, and hope that with time she would find her way back to me.

I slowly reached down to my groin, stroking myself as I watched the fight leave her body and the truth register in those big blue eyes. Suddenly, she stopped, her eyes staring up at me as I removed my belt, tearing off my shirt and ripping down my zipper. She gasped at the sight of my tattoos that ran along both sides of my torso and coated my arms. I could see the desire filling her eyes as goosebumps rolled across her flesh. She didn’t hide her arousal too well.

Alice wanted to fight me, then fine, but she was well aware she wasn’t going to win. My hand dipped into the front pocket of my trousers as I retrieved what I’d kept hidden from her all this time, placing the metal between my teeth, and discarding the rest of my clothes.

I crawled back up on the bed, the keys to her chains in my mouth. I couldn’t lose those. I needed them to negotiate. And sure enough, so did she. Her eyes focused on the keys as I dropped them into my hand and placed them on the pillow beside her head. She turned to look at them as I

leaned in and kissed her neck, nibbling on her earlobe as her body undulated against mine, her hips moving in tandem with my own. Her breasts dragged up along my bare chest and made me growl in her ear. Her shudder told me she wanted this desperately.

“I’m your savior, Alice. I’m the only one with the power to release you.”

Her head shifted towards mine and we both stared at one another in silence. Her eyes shone in the moonlight, terrified and full of lust. I leaned down and nuzzled her nose to mine, placing a soft kiss on the tip.

“Do you want me?” I murmured against her lips.

Please say yes.

“Not like this,” she whispered.

“Does it matter? It’s the only way, my sweet Alice. You and me, we’re meant to be together.”

She exhaled a sharp breath as I slid my cock along her wet slit. I groaned in ecstasy at the feel of her soft velvet heat as it stroked my hard shaft.

“I don’t want it like *this*. Not with you.”

I looked at her then, my mind struggling to grasp her words. The deep fog didn’t want me to understand her, it just wanted me to take her. My body fought her refusal as my mind rebelled.

“Don’t Zachary, please.”

I frowned, knowing her pleas weren’t going to dampen my need. It was too powerful, too consuming. “Stop fighting, my sweet.” I shifted my weight and dragged my cock through her wet folds as I panted heavily with desire and lust. Her lips said no but her eyes begged me to see beyond the barrier, the hurt, and the trauma of her time in Wonderland. She didn’t know how to consent without giving up who she was. I’d show her, prove to her that this was right between us.

Her knees parted for me as she realized I was right, and her lips opened in a soft mewl as I slid into her inch by inch.

“I want to dwell in your darkness, Alice.”

“Noooo,” she moaned as she spread wider, lifting her hips to take my entire length in deeper. I stilled inside of her, closing my eyes, my muscles straining as I relished the feel of her pussy pulsing around my girth.

“Alice,” I groaned, “I need you. I always have, since the day we met.”

Her hips moved involuntarily, grinding up and down into the mattress, fucking my dick slowly as she took control.

She shook her head from left to right as a tear escaped her cheek, yet she didn't stop swiveling her hips as she fucked herself on my length. I awaited the moment when she would say the truth of her heart. She was mine, and she damn well knew it.

"This is our moment, Alice. Enjoy it," I begged, unable to resist cupping her soft cheek in my palm as I leaned in and pressed the softest of kisses against her lips. Our breath combined as we seemed to breathe at the same time, giving and taking as our souls merged in a delicate and sinful dance of pure seduction and bliss.

I started to thrust, making slow and steady strokes that had her panting with desire. Her moans reverberated against my chest, getting lost in the padded walls of the room. Only they would know our deep desire. The only witness to our mutual submission.

"Zachary," she hissed, her breaths coming out in shivering exhales that had my cock twitching inside of her. "Harder," she whispered in my ear before her teeth nibbled on the lobe.

I pushed back, grinding my groin into hers, watching how my cock slid in and out of her eager pussy. My eyes trailed down her body, locking on the spot where her hands remained chained to the railings. Leaning forward, she watched closely as I undid one restraint, and then the other. The chains fell away, rattling against the floor where they clattered to a stop. Sucking in a breath I waited, expecting her to run, but she simply stared up and into my eyes. I dropped back over her, bringing her wrists up to my lips as I kissed the marks left behind and then shoved them gently above her head, pinning her to the mattress.

Entangling our fingers, I held her there as I slowly stroked her pussy, groaning at the completeness I felt in my soul. For a brief moment, she was free . . . and Alice was in my arms because she chose to stay. I began to fuck her harder, just how she wanted and liked it. Deep strokes made the bed shake from the power of my thrusts. This wasn't making love; this was an undeniable ravishing. I wished we could have taken our time and went slow but neither of us were capable of such delicacy tonight.

The sounds of our wet bodies colliding over and over, her whimpered moans, the shattered breaths that turned into erotic little gasps of unrelenting want, it ignited me like nothing ever had. I fucked her hard,

fast, trapping her against me as much as those chains did. She was mine. *Forever mine.*

Alice was my heart, the missing piece of my dark soul, and I would never love another as much as I did this small, broken girl.

Reaching down between us, I stroked her clit as her hands wrapped around my back and drifted down to my ass, squeezing as I shoved my cock relentlessly into her tight sheath. I groaned, loving the feel of her fingertips on my flesh for the first time. Stroking my skin almost reverently, gliding her hands along my muscles, she traced each and every part of my body.

She whispered my name as she clung to me, her body bending back beautifully as her climax approached. She came for me with deep shudders that rippled against my cock while her walls clamped down simultaneously. I watched her unravel before me, and my own body surged, unable to hold back a second longer. My seed drained from my balls in long, swift streams of cum that filled her with thick ropes that seemed never ending. We both shivered and convulsed as our hips continued a hypnotic rhythm, her pussy milking my cock of any drop I had to give.

I collapsed over her, her hands sifting through my hair, her breasts against my cheek.

“I’ve committed every sin to make you mine, Alice, but make no mistake, my darling, I do most definitely love you and that is one fact you can never change.”

I felt the light whisper of my name as it filtered into the air followed by something I barely hoped to hear her admit. “Zachary,” she mumbled huskily, “I need you. Don’t leave me.”

Then she drifted off to sleep, making no effort to withdraw from my tightening embrace.

CHAPTER 16

ZACHARY

PATIENT: Alice Hardgrave
Date: January 31st
Session: Final
Notes: Parasomnia, Night Terrors, Psychosis transitioning, Deep Depression

"DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, ALICE."

Her eyes met mine, a bluish gray tint to them that matched the dreariness of my heavy heart. Our night together hadn't been enough. I knew she was leaving, and I wanted to fight and rage against the world, but I couldn't keep my pretty bird locked up in her gilded cage any longer. She needed to fly. Her freedom was more important than my selfish desires and my heart's twisted longing. Nothing was worse than willingly letting her leave me.

She lay chained once again to the rails of the bed, and I stood only a few feet away, pacing like a caged beast as I fought with myself to do the right thing.

"I need to find him," she replied calmly.

"Who, Alice?"

"The White Knight. He can help me."

Jealousy scorched my entire body, flashing through every cell and organ until I thought I'd be burned alive before her eyes. "I'm your White Knight, Alice!"

“No! Stop!” Her eyes told me she now knew the truth. More lies wouldn’t help my cause. “He knows where Wonderland is. He can help me find it.”

“There’s no point in going back,” I grumbled.

“I need to do this, Zachary.”

“What about me!?” I turned to her, desperation and fury now tipping me over the edge. I saw her slipping through my fingers, running away never to return. One night wasn’t enough.

No amount of time would ever be enough with the young woman who owned my heart and soul.

Slowly, she shook her head. “What about *you*? Always so selfish. You’ve done your part here. Isn’t that enough?” The bitterness in her tone cut to the quick. “You chained me up again because you’re afraid. Don’t be a coward, Doctor.”

I fell down to my knees before her, gripping her hands in mine. “I love you.” I didn’t say that she was right but we both knew it.

She smiled sadly at me, lifting her hands and cupping them as she cradled my face. The raw honesty of her expression was a knife to my heart. “Love? I don’t know what that is, Doctor. It’s a foreign concept. I don’t even know if I have it in me to love. And besides, you don’t love me. If you did, you wouldn’t have lied and manipulated me for so long.”

She was right to think this way. I hadn’t proved my devotion or the extent of my feelings. I’d made one wrong choice after another. I deserved her condemnation. “You have no idea what I’ve endured in this place.”

She stroked my cheek, a sad smile playing on her lips. “I can only imagine. No one wants to be kept in Wonderland. You’re one of the lucky ones. You only get to watch.”

There was no point in contradicting her. It was counterproductive. Someday I’d tell my story, but she wasn’t ready to listen yet. “Tell me what you remember?”

She remained silent and I was losing my patience. “I need to know, Alice.”

“I don’t want to play this sick game anymore! I don’t trust you.”

She was lying. “After all this time, even after what we shared, you can still say those things?”

Tears filled her eyes and slipped down her cheeks, searing my heart with every drop. I dragged a chair over by her side of the bed, and leaning

forward, I stroked her cheek with all the tenderness I could muster. “No more games, Alice. Let me help you. Please, tell me what you remember.”

As I stroked the skin of her neck and her shoulders, slipping down to caress her arm, she began to speak to me once again. Only this time, it was from actual experience. No drugs, no teas, this is what she remembered, each painful detail exposed in the light of day.

“The evening Absolem came into my life was the beginning of the end, a spiral downward and loss of control that I was too naive to figure out until it was too late.” She sighed and I waited patiently for her to continue. “I was eighteen. Legal. My birthday had been a few weeks prior and I wanted to celebrate now that I wasn’t confined to my strict home anymore. I’d always lived out in the suburbs and far from the inner city. Downtown was home to a wide variety of clubs and bars, many of which didn’t care if you were twenty-one as long as you were legally at least eighteen. No minors.”

“Sadly, I know that’s true,” I admitted as she paused.

“Now that I think about it, fate must have intervened. I was destined to meet Absolem that night. He was handsome, charming, charismatic even and I never suspected that he wanted far more than I was ever willing to give. He played on my innocence and sheltered upbringing. Every visit and night out with Absolem led me further down the path of degradation and sin.”

Her eyes filled with tears as she shook her head. “You don’t understand what it was like for me.”

“Then tell me, help me understand, Alice.”

“I was brought up in a strict and religious home. My parents read the bible every night out loud. They were purists. I was so young and rebellious. All I cared about was getting out into the world. Absolem opened a door and offered a chance to experience things I only dreamed about.” Choking on a sob, she gripped the rails of the bed tighter. “His deception hurt the most out of everyone at Wonderland. He was the one who brought me to Dominic. Because of him, I lost *everything*.”

“He used and deceived you,” I repeated, mirroring her words. “I can understand how that would be devastating. He led you right into the mouth of hell.”

“Exactly,” she whispered, chest heaving. “It was how he operated though. As time went on, I saw his routine. He would begin friendships with the girls and gain their trust only to betray them later when it was too

late for them to walk away. For some reason, he was different with me. He didn't take my virginity like he did so many others. He kept me pure . . . for Dominic."

I was filled with rage as her voice broke. The knowledge that Dominic had taken Alice's virginity made me want to act out irrationally. I couldn't act on that impulse now but someday I would make that bastard suffer for what he did to my sweet Alice.

She stopped speaking and looked up with deep sorrow. "I don't want to talk about it anymore. It's too much."

I nodded with understanding, swallowing the lump in my throat. "Do you realize what you've done to me, Alice? What you're about to make me do?"

Her eyes avoided mine as she stared down at the chains that had probably marred the flesh on her wrists permanently. "I'm only a toy to you, Doctor. Did you not enjoy me last night? Do you want more? Is that the point of behaving this way? Acting like you care so deeply."

She had it all wrong. This was only a ploy to force me away. I'd gotten too close.

"I want so much more than I can ever express, Alice. I won't deny that. But I also won't hold you against your will." She didn't realize what I'd decided. She was so blind. My poor, sweet girl.

"No, you'll just fuck me against it."

What a vicious thing to say. If it came down to it, I would have stopped last night. We both knew it.

"That . . . that wasn't supposed to go that way, but you wouldn't listen. I had to make you understand."

"So you'll just insert your dick inside of me to make me shut up? Well done, Doctor."

Instantly pissed, I reacted badly.

"It's not like you didn't cum from it several times." My anger was now coming to a head. I'd reached my limit. She was treating me as a rapist even though she gave in easily last night, moaning my name.

Her eyes met mine, glimmering with heat and anger. Fuck, I loved to see her this way.

Fight me, Alice. Hate me. It's the only way. I can't let you leave otherwise.

“You’re just like them. All you want is to take my life away from me. You won’t leave me alone. You won’t let me breathe.”

“Is that what you think this is?”

“If you truly loved me, Zachary, you wouldn’t have kept me here so long.”

“I was here to help you, Alice. Whether you believe in me or not.”

“And to get your kicks off, right? Because you couldn’t resist a pretty, pink pussy.”

“Enough!” I stared at her, the heat between us palpable. “You get off on this, don’t you? You get off on the fighting and the darkness of it all.”

“Isn’t that what this is all about, *Doctor*? The darkness.”

She spoke my title as if it was a vile word. I hated to hear it dripping from her lips with such venom. I placed my hands on either side of her waist, my lips only a breath away from hers. “Remember one thing, Alice. I am still *your* Doctor.”

She glared at me with defiance before her gaze dropped, lingering on my mouth and the urge was suddenly too much for us both to handle. Crushing her lips with my own, I conveyed my love with action instead of words. Her moan confirmed that I was the one she wanted. I slipped my tongue against the seam of her lips and pushed gently through, slowly stroking her as I reached in my pocket for what she wanted the most.

Pulling away, I looked down, slipping the key into the first lock. My eyes met hers as I unclicked her cuff, and her eyes widened as she realized what I had planned all along. I reached over and unlocked her other wrist, my hands gliding down to her ankles as I slowly and tenderly unstrapped her from the bed. She simply lay there, watching me with a shocked expression.

I raised my head to gaze directly into her eyes, my heart silently breaking for everything she’d been forced to endure, every minute of suffering.

“Now you’re free, Alice,” I choked, fighting the intense emotion building in my chest. “No more chains to hold you back, my love.”

“Why?” she whispered.

“Because it’s the right thing to do, Alice. I know what has to happen now.”

She gulped, neither of us fools, but both of us certain that everything was about to change. “But I may destroy you in the process.”

She'd already wrecked me. My heart was irreparably broken, the pain so fierce that my jaw locked. "As long as you find a way to ruin Wonderland, then I'm yours to destroy."

"Zachary," she sobbed and leapt into my arms.

"I'd never hurt you," she whispered fervently.

I squeezed her tight, the tear I'd fought back slid down my cheek and onto her shoulder. "Do what's right, Alice. But don't think I won't see you again, because *I will*."

She pulled away gently, tears brimming in her eyes.

I gently cupped her chin. "And when I do get back to you, Alice. I won't let go."

She smiled as if she cherished the words, as if they were a secret, and the knowledge was enough to keep the pain at bay for a few minutes longer.

I reached for a bag that was hidden beneath her bed. I'd put it there a few nights ago. "Take these," I offered, placing my car keys into her hand. "I've wired all my savings into this card. It's yours."

She pushed it towards my chest, shaking her head. "But what if you need it? You can't stay here."

I shook my head and clamped the keys and card between our clasped hands. "Take them and run. Don't worry about me. I know what I need to do."

Her frown deepened as she hugged the items to her chest, taking the duffle bag from my hand.

"I put some sweatpants and shirts in there. It was all I could find. Oh, and a pair of sneakers, I think . . ."

She pressed her fingertips to my lips to stop my rambling. "You're a good man, Zachary."

"Don't say it that way." It sounded so final and ripped my heart to shreds just a little more.

"But you are. And I'll never forget you or what you've done for me."

"I'd do anything for you, Alice." I spoke those last words with heartbroken conviction, unsure if she truly believed they were true.

She kissed me then, a soft lingering breath on my lips. And just as quickly as it came, the feeling fluttered away. In one moment, I had her in my arms, and in the next the door slammed as she walked out of them.

The light scent of her lavender perfume was all that was left of her as I sank down on the empty mattress of the bed, my fingers clenching the

sheets that still held her warmth.

My heart was truly broken but I knew this wouldn’t last forever. I would always be here for Alice. When she was ready, I’d welcome her with open arms.

After all, that was what we did when we loved someone enough to let them go.

Thinking of my Katrina, I lifted my head and peered out into the dark night at the glittering stars. "I listened, love. I let her go just like you asked me to do, the way I was unable to do with you."

I walked across the room and pressed my palm flat against the cool glass as Alice ran off into the night, heading directly into the parking lot where my car and freedom awaited.

“Run, Alice. Go find your White Knight,” I whispered, “but I can assure you I *will* find you. You can’t escape me forever, my love. You belong to me. There’s only so long I can wait until I see you again.”

The heat of my breath fogged up the window and I used my fingertip to draw a heart, the symbol of Wonderland. It had so many treacherous meanings now. Inside, I wrote her name and inhaled a deep breath, ready to make my own escape. The Queen and the Cat were going to come after me now, but I had my own secrets and I’d gathered plenty of evidence against Wonderland. Nothing would stop me now.

As long as I lived and breathed, I’d find a way to survive and reunite with my Alice.

She was my light in the lonely darkness . . .

And I was her anchor in the madness that consumed us both.

EPILOGUE

DOMINIC

A dark shadow shifts across the room
Watching closely as Alice's world unravels.
Nothing stops the leering doom
One he creates with his own devils.

THE LEATHER CHAIR creaks in a familiar way as I lean back against the cushion, watching intently as I am slowly being betrayed. Oh, how easily they forget that my cameras record everything and never stop, day or night. The four padded walls that have held my Alice secure are now being shattered before my eyes. She's escaping and it's all Zachary's fault.

They have no idea what they've done or how deeply they've fucked up. I won't be made a fool. I'll never allow their defiance to go unpunished. They've pushed me to take drastic action, something I truly didn't want to do. Until now.

I can't wait for my little surprise to be revealed. All my careful planning will come to fruition. My little bird won't flee the cage for long. She belongs there, between the golden bars where I will always keep my devious little Alice.

The Doctor did one thing correctly, despite his massively disappointing choices.

Alice still doesn't know what happened that night in that dark alley. She has no idea what she's done. When my sweet little slave finds out who she

truly is, she'll come back to me. I’m the only one who can protect her. I’m the only one who can keep the Queen’s wrath from consuming Alice completely. She’ll realize eventually that I’m her savior, not that bastard doctor.

Everything that has transpired starts and ends with that one wrong deed.

A night that will haunt her forever. A night that ruined her yet helped me in the most intricate of ways. I couldn’t have planned it better, even if I tried. Everything fit perfectly that night. But her sins will catch up with her sooner or later. They always do.

That White Knight of hers isn’t what she thinks he is. There are darker entities at play here. Pawns that have been intricately placed to bring her back to me where she belongs. The good Doctor is only a part of the game, but now it’s been forced to change and adapt.

Time for round two.

I smile, steepling my fingers over my flat stomach as my grin widens and I catch my reflection in the mirror. Funny, I never noticed before this moment how very Cheshire and feline my expression can turn. It’s proof that in Wonderland, everything and everyone is tainted by the darkness and fantasy that originates with the Queen.

No one is left untouched.

“My sweet Alice,” I whisper aloud as she escapes on camera, “the madness doesn’t stop here. It’s only beginning.”

RUN ALICE, RUN!

Run now Alice, Find your Knight,
He lies and waits in Wonderland.
Don't forget your Doctor's plight,
For he'll come find you in the end.
But, careful with the Chartreux Cat
And all his royal guards.
The Queen is close now at your heels
She's after heads and hearts.
But through the fog, love does prevail
You just need patience still.
The truth your journey will unveil
Are secrets held in sin.

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As this story unwinded and came to fruition there was no one else we thought of to help us bring Alice to life, like the talented author, Chris Genovese. His poetry flourishes the back cover of this awesome piece of work and we are so grateful for his unending support and incredible genius. Thank you Chris, for lending us your incredible talent and for always being there for your friends. You are very much loved.

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Nikki & Crimson

PLAYLIST:

Not Real Anymore - Dreaming of Ghosts
Breaking Down - I Prevail
Bad Guy - Billie Eilish
So Am I - Ava Max
Way Down We Go - KALEO
Skin - Rag'n'Bone Man
Bury a Friend - Billie Eilish
Nightmare - Halsey
Save Yourself - KALEO
Down in a Hole - Alice in Chains
Bury a Friend- Billie Eilish

Link:ALICE PLAYLIST

ALSO BY CRIMSON SYN

HELLBOUND LOVERS MC

WOLF (Hell-bound Lovers MC #1)

GRAYSON (Hellbound Lovers MC #2)

RIGGS (Hellbound Lovers MC #3)

CAIN (Hellbound Lovers MC #4)

SETH (Hellbound Lovers MC #5)

GUNNER (Hellbound Lovers MC #6)

DIESEL (Hellbound Lovers MC #7)

KNOX (Hellbound Lovers MC #8)

SINFUL HOLIDAY NOVELLAS

A Wicked Treat

Dreams by the Fire

Sinful Valentine Wishes

Christmas Angel

STANDALONE NOVELS

Coveted Desire

BLEEDING HEARTS SERIES

DEVIOUS HEART

EDGE SERIES

EDGE

RAVENHEAD CORPORATION SERIES

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Filthy Seduction

DEATH ROW SHOOTERS MC

REAPER (Death Row Shooters MC #1)

POET (Death Row Shooters MC #2)

VINDICATOR (Death Row Shooters MC #3)

HELLBOUND LOVERS MC NOVELLAS

RYDER

BEAR

ROYAL BASTARDS MC

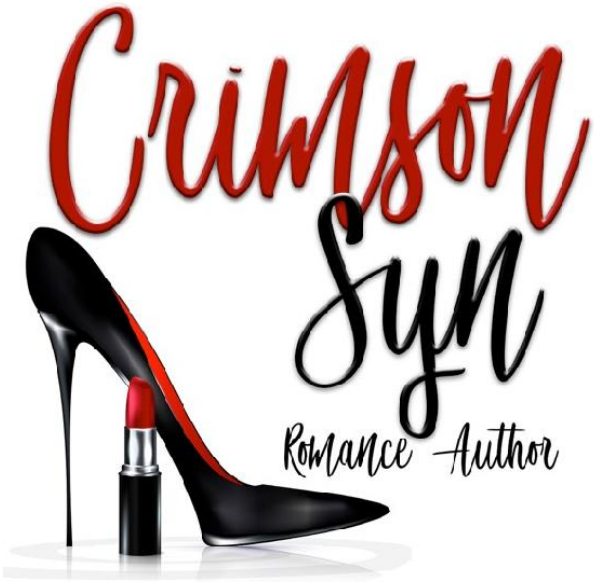
A Biker for Christmas

Inked for Vengeance: Royal Bastards New Orleans Chapter

A TWISTED WONDERLAND

Alice In Chains

ABOUT AUTHOR CRIMSON SYN



Thank you for reading!

If you enjoyed Alice's story, please don't hesitate to leave your reviews. I do love to hear what sinful thoughts my readers throw my way!

Check out my other series here and make sure to check out the Darker side of Romance with Edge & Devious Heart on Amazon …

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To get the inside scoop, teasers, new release reviews and dirty details of my upcoming series sign up for the mailing list!

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Nikki Landis is an award-winning and Amazon bestselling author of paranormal, sci-fi, MC, and reverse harem romance. She lives in Ohio with her husband and amazing family.

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